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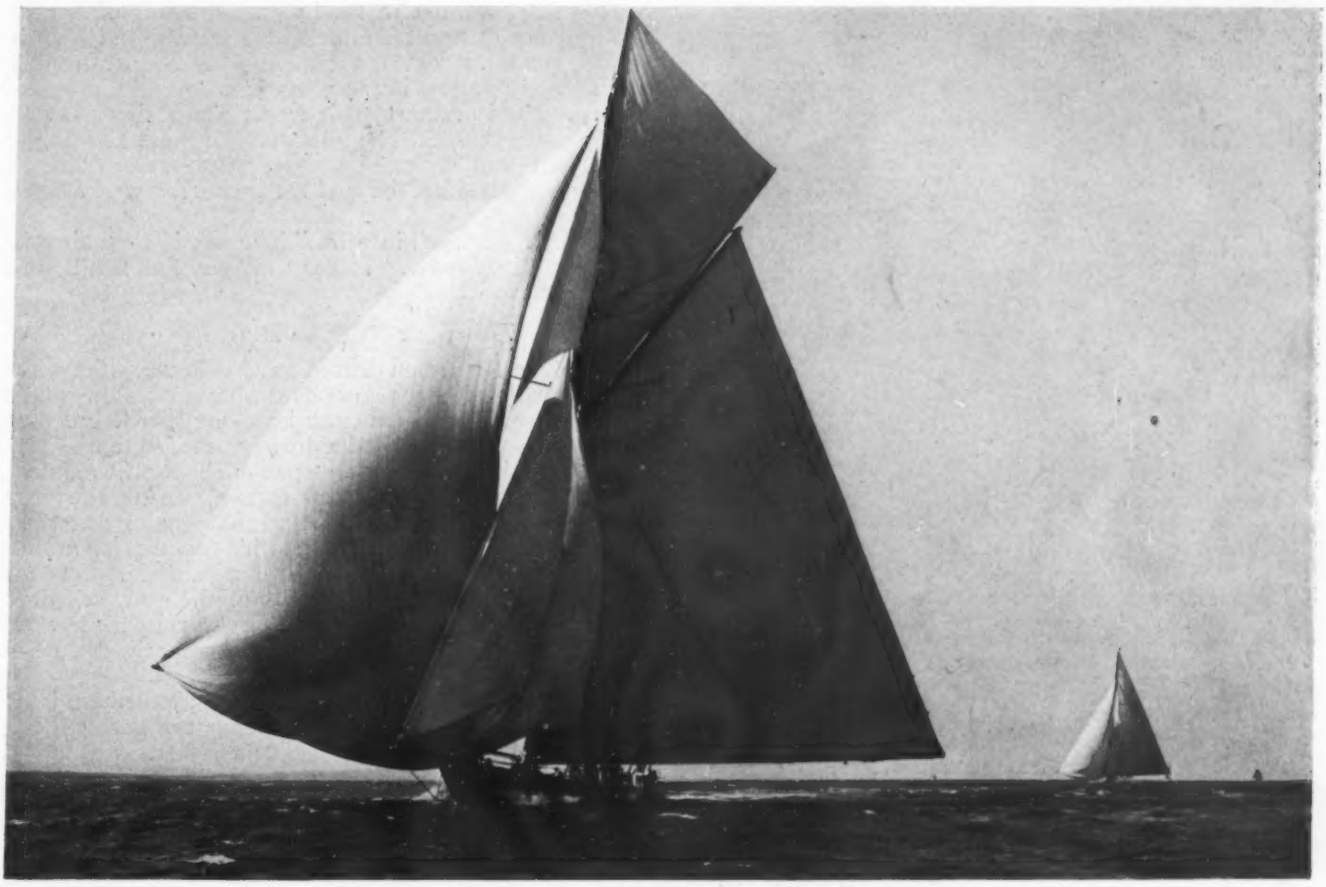


Photo by Beken & Son

Britannia **before the wind at Cowes.** ***Nyria*** **astern of her.**

Westward—and the Others

A Race During Cowes Week on the Famous Herreshoff Schooner

By H. ALKER TRIPP

THERE sang a voice from somewhere far in the bow: "She's away!"

And a crisp order responded from the wheel, the words taken up by the crew and passed briskly for'ard in chorus: "Break out y'r jib to wind'ard."

The hook was off the ground and the tall white schooner *Westward*, paying off with her jib aback, filled away on her mainsail and began to slip easily through the water. Alive once more, she was moving as a racehorse moves at its ease, this perfect confidence of action giving — in its very leisure and grace — a hint of headlong speed to come.

It was the last day of Cowes Week, 1925, the Friday. One's eye this morning had lifted instinctively to scan the mainsail, for yesterday had poured torrents. That inevitable crease from the clew upwards was there; but what of it? All our rivals must be in similar case, with sails well drenched and sodden. *Britannia*, *Lulworth*, *Shamrock* and *White Heather* — these all had been sailing yesterday. But the genial sunlight of today was making amends for everything.

"Looks like a breeze." Mr. Davis, owner of *Westward*, was at my elbow.

"Yes, a good brisk, honest breeze, and another win for *Westward!*" I sang back cheerily, for yesterday *Westward* had scored her first win of the week and her second win since the opening of the Solent season. Today must make a third.

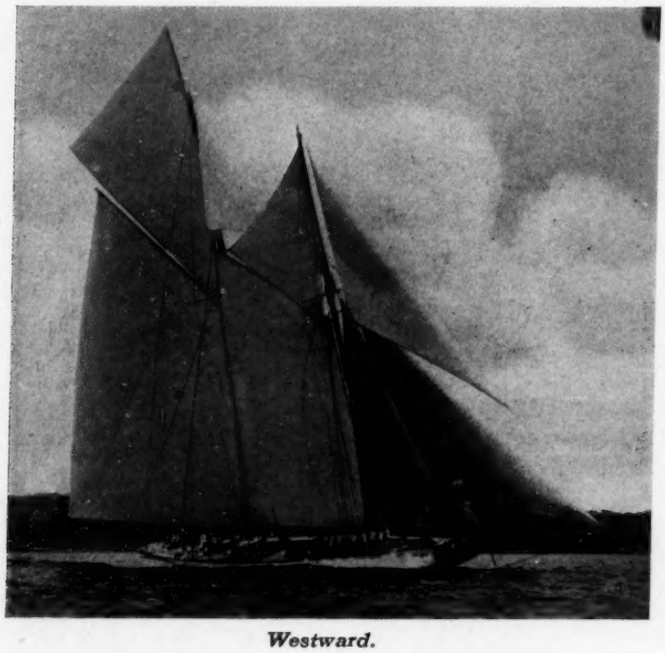
"Better to unship this here, if there's goin' to be any wind. Two — three times it come adrift. . . ." It was one of the crew, making things fast. Yes, yes, get everything fast; for, with this pleasant breeze, she would soon be giving her deck a healthy rake that would send any loose gear rattling down into the lee scuppers and tumbling headlong out into the white wake astern.

But, for the present, she was moving discreetly — the crew still making sail.

Listen to the voices: "Up with him now, quick, boys";

it was the fore staysail that was being set. "We'll want the medium jib-topsail," a voice from the wheel had been saying that, and "Make fast now, hurry up"; it was a voice from for'ard. Everyone was busy.

Suddenly we all were conscious. Close beside us, as our vessels both maneuvered this way and that, was the famous black cutter. It was *Britannia*, so close aboard of us that every figure on her deck was in visible neighbor-



Westward.

hood. Every head on *Westward* was bared for the moment, for there — standing beside the wheel — was the King. Perhaps it had been needless, but the act was instinctive; we felt like that. Then the two vessels again sheered apart.

First gun! "Put your watches right. Yes, plenty of time; we're all ready."

It was the Queen's course today, and we had been ordered east-about. The yachts would start away for the Warner. This breeze was southerly, and we should reach across the starting line. One looked anxiously round. There they all were, the four tall cutters, white-sailed in the sunshine, their easy leisure now changing to settled purpose.

"One minute to go!" We all measured the distance of dancing blue water as the seconds ebbed.

"She'll just about do it." The soliloquy was in undertone and barely audible, but the next words came with a roar: "Break out y'r jib tops'l!"

A storm of energy was let loose; we were really away. Aft with the sheets now, and sail was made. We were away for the line. "*Slack y'r mainsheet, ease all your sheets.*" She was reaching at swift speed. *Gun! White Heather* was first across, *Shamrock*, *Britannia* and *Westward* in close order, and *Lulworth* a second or two astern. That extreme tension, which had kept us all poised and fine-strung, was relaxed; the long last minute, acutely critical, was safely over. We were really away.

"You can't have a much better start in a big vessel like this." The owner looked complacently across the intervening sea as the five of us cut parallel lines of foam and streaked swiftly through the blue water, past the Royal Yacht and past the battleship and away, away eastward. Every yacht lying in the roadstead was dressed, and the gay bunting lent an air of festival and holiday. They slid by us in an even stream, swiftly, one after another. Each sheering bow was one instant abeam and, next moment, astern and all had vanished into the past. A racing tide was under us and the wind free; we flew.

So this was *Westward*, the famous Herreshoff schooner! It was good to be aboard her. One had stepped aboard so simply, that not at once perhaps had one realized all that she implies. But now, looking along her deck and aloft at her big sail plan, one realized with something of a thrill the romance of her. Here in British waters, and British owned, she is yet an American. And her American birth and ancestry possess her in every line.

Beyond the ordinary, this world was a dream-world here today at Cowes. The full curves of those great sails, blown out and hollowed by the wind, were white in sunshine. We had left the world at anchor; we were winged and free.

"Get y'r jib-tops'l in a bit." The words were abrupt. And then "*Mainsheet.*" It was a matter of all hands, and we jumped to it.

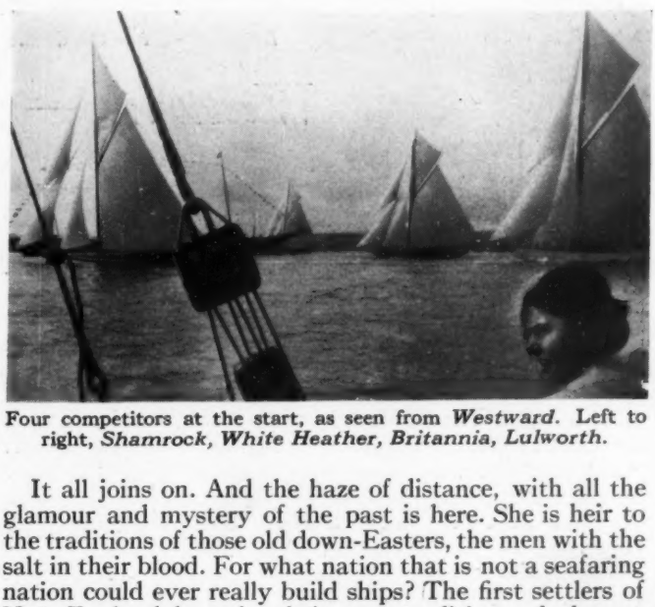
"How's that, sir?"

"That'll do. Take a turn and make fast."

But the interruption drifted away into the white wake at once, and left one's dreams unshattered. The whole impression was one of smooth headlong speed, and that refrain of racing water had a drowsy tune, so that — settled beside the weather rail — one might for the moment fall into a kind of doze and reverie, feeling the very sensation of those lifting sails and that singing water.

Ideas would glide in one another's wake, phantom-thin, continuous as our own white track, and impressions would dissolve and be renewed. For the swift schooner brings the romance of the Western world with her; all these things are linked and intimate. Just as the dreams in that story of Mr. Kipling's, "it all joins on."

It all joins on! American-born she is, and there is no accident of birth with ships, for ships are born to long traditions. The generations are behind her. Not only is she fruit and outcome of technical skill, painfully evolved, but the instinct and sea-sense of generations of American men are present and inherent in every line of her.



Four competitors at the start, as seen from *Westward*. Left to right, *Shamrock, White Heather, Britannia, Lulworth.*

It all joins on. And the haze of distance, with all the glamour and mystery of the past is here. She is heir to the traditions of those old down-Easters, the men with the salt in their blood. For what nation that is not a seafaring nation could ever really build ships? The first settlers of New England brought their own traditions of the sea with them, and the vigorous manhood of the eastern seaboard sent their commerce to every corner of the globe. Almost, the world was young in those years, for every voyage was an adventure. Pirates and uncharted

coasts were in the routine of life. Bills of lading ended in those days with the words "And so God send the good ship to her desired port in safety, Amen." A hard seafaring stock. As Nathaniel Hawthorne, born at Salem in 1804, wrote of his own family:

> "From father to son, for above a hundred years, they followed the sea; a grey-headed shipmaster in each generation retiring from the quarter-deck to the homestead, while a boy of fourteen took the hereditary place before the mast, confronting the salt spray and the gale which had blustered against his sire and grandsire."

It was the days when "tall spars forested every Atlantic port from Portland to Charleston" and men were sailors in those days. Yes, it all joins on.

One stirred again and took closer notice. Off the wind, the work had been for the helmsman, and the crew lay stretched as if dormant, yet ready to leap to life and energy at any moment. And the water was *pouring* past, at level speed.

The other yachts were to windward, for we had crossed the line to leeward of them all. But what did it matter? We were clear of the whole fleet of them, and our own bowsprit was pointing at Noman's Fort; we should fetch it easily.

Yes, we were clear of them all. But not so *Shamrock* and *White Heather*. So close were they that move and countermove kept them clinging in company; shake free they could not. They were luffing, luffing right inshore.

Arrow-straight for her mark, *Westward* was flying. *Lulworth* and *Britannia* were close astern of her, cleaving the white lather of her wake.

"Give her a foot or two of mainsheet. Make fast." Yes, tuned to her own soaring best she *must* be, or the

Looking aloft at the topsail. *Shamrock* on the weather beam.

others would be coming on her. No laggarts, the tall cutters just astern were straining every nerve. Past the Fort we streaked, the three of us in close order, sweeping in procession almost as one; and *White Heather* and *Shamrock* had lost their lead. *Westward* shows the way!

Up for the Warner Lightship she was pointed now, and we lay on deck. Again for the moment the drumming of the swift wash gave that drowsy sense of mystery. One could see farther than the mere outline of her, this wonderful schooner. The long years are behind her. "It all joins on." The sea-bred stock in that famous past were building, building. Ship after wooden ship had left the ways in every shipyard, and perhaps the climax of it all was the sky-sail clipper. With her fine clean lines and sheering bow, the first real clipper was American born. *Rainbow* was launched in New York in 1845 — New York, where the ancestral races were English and Dutch, great shipbuilders both! It all joins on.

It all joins on. American influence in shipbuilding had been toward fine lines. The frigate type was being displaced. And yachts also were feeling the new impulse. For older yachts had been built on the model of the revenue cutter, with straight stem and a full section. "Cod's head and mackerel's tail" they had — a smack

Lord Jellicoe at the wheel of *Westward*. F. T. B. Davis, the owner, at left.

type; but finer lines were already the order on both sides of the Atlantic when, in 1851, the *America* was built. And the *America* was over here at Cowes in 1851; out eastward from Cowes like us today she sailed her famous race seventy-four years ago this present month of August.

There, this morning, we had seen the tree-clad slopes of the Island, with the sunlight on them, opening in the estuary which is the roadstead of Cowes. In this same Solent, the old schooner raced, a thing of another generation, with huge outer staysail and no topsails. But she sailed like a witch. As she slipped up the Solent from westward, at finish of her famous race, there were steamers preceding her, and from yachts innumerable in the roadstead came the hail: "Is the *America* first?" The answer "Yes." "What's second?" And the reply was "Nothing!"

Then there were cheers and welcome; and everybody wanted to see her — after the race. Everybody came, from the Queen downwards. The old Marquis of Anglesea, the veteran of Waterloo, leaned so far over the stern that Commodore Stevens took hold of his wooden leg to prevent him from going overboard. Either the Marquis was scanning the form of her stern, or — as someone said — "looking most eagerly for the propeller!"

But it was *Westward* today and not *America*. A sail-plan more modern was spread to the sunlight above us.

"Now then, down tack, everybody on it." An eye from the wheel had been sharp on the topsail, not flat enough for the work close-hauled when round the Nomans. "Down tack, a-hi-ah, a-hi-ah! Make fast!"

And so we swept on. Two separate impressions of headlong speed were present. Either one could focus upon the Lightship as it sprang into size every instant while we swept down upon it; or one could look down at the torrent of water below the lee rail. As one might sit upon a twin crag, and see the water pour in the rapids above a waterfall, so one could watch the stream of it all, foam-patterned, here. It was a torrent, a riot of speed.

Stand by now — and every sail was slatting. All full again, and she was round the Warner. The dark-red light vessel had seemed to spring on her with a rush, and

Westward had been curving, curving all the time. The men on the lightship were waving their caps to us; and, vessel and all, they were gone, utterly vanished astern.

"Jib tops'l sheet — *in* with it." Energy had been rampant and furious, and this was the subsiding phase. She had settled down for a comfortable reach back to the fort at Noman's Land. There is deep water close to it; and here was the pilot's opportunity. "Locally acquainted," as the Admiralty term is, the pilot should know the depths to a nicety, and the closer we could stand the better; we must not sacrifice an inch. He eyed the diminishing distance. We were pointed right at it, dead on.

Mr. Davis was at the wheel himself. "How close can I go?" he was asking, and the pilot shifted and shuffled and cleared his throat.

"More or less it's three fathom . . . " he began.

The powerful voice of the owner smashed his sentence, like a rock might smash a pane of glass.

"*Keep away* or *luff?* Tell me that. Keep away or luff? That's all." And he handled the wheel anxiously, for the whole field of them were sweeping after us, up from the Warner, in swift, unswerving, resolute pursuit.

It is too bad to talk about one's host, but the thing is inevitable. His is a figure that cannot be ignored. That sonorous voice of his, too, was the only voice that a man cast in his mould could possess; and there he was, a man overbrimmed with force. He radiated energy. When, some other day, the fore topsail sheet had jammed at the peak during a race, they told him that "that was that"; no man could free it aloft, the sail must be lowered. He called for a couple of volunteers and went aloft himself, ready to scale the length of the gaff, if need be. I cannot vouch for the tale, but it rings true. The light of battle was in his eye, and his mouth a trifle grim. This way and that he swayed the spokes of the wheel, and the tall schooner swept past the fort, turning westward for Cowes Roads and the East Lepe buoy.

"Main-topm'st stays'l! Get a purchase." We were now sailing with the mainsheet pinned in after a fashion that no cruising yacht could abide, and everything was sheeted iron-hard, every sheet and halliard taut and twanging. The rest of the field was stringing in a single line astern.

There was no dreaming now to the drone of singing water. Life and activity were the keynote. *Westward* was heeled heavily from the wind and raising a smother of foam along her lee. The coiled mainsheet spilled into the scuppers with the slant of the deck, and had to be retrieved. The boat, lashed bottom-up amidships, shifted, and the lashing was tightened. Yes; we were really putting her into it now.

But this was too good to last. Here was Cowes again over the bowsprit. "We're bound to lose the wind as we close the shore." And one looked anxiously astern at the others. Still in the better breeze, they were coming on us; *Lulworth* was gaining but they would all soon find their patch of the doldrums. Lighter the wind was perhaps, but our pace was still headlong.

"Tricky business, threading through Cowes Roads," said someone. Ships seemed to spring about us on every hand; a dazzle of flying bunting and moving boats and jumping water, it all streamed by, and was gone again like a dream. We were out upon the open Solent, trying to fetch across to the East Lepe buoy. No, it couldn't be done; we should have to make a board. And we swept on.

"Lee ho," and she was about. "Let go your lee top'lift. Haul aft y'r stays'l sheet." She was about so swiftly that water in the lee scuppers was still there when those scuppers were tilted high on the windward side.

Once round the buoy, she would be running free for Cowes and thence round the whole course again.

"Will you want y'r spinnaker, sir?"

"I *b'lieve* we shall."

"Get ready y'r spinnaker," the skipper added in a shout, and then in undertone: "that's where they'll put it into us." Full before the wind, our schooner sail plan would have no virtue. On the reach it is that the length of the sail plan tells. In the old days, with the wind full on the stern of both of them, a clipper might not have the legs of a brig. But let the wind draw but a little on to the quarter, and she would soon be out of sight.

And now, look at it, look — would she fetch her buoy on this board? My heart, I own it, was in my mouth; it positively twittered; and I fancy that the skipper's nerves were a bit frayed for the moment. She had cut it fine. *Could* she weather the buoy? A second board would squander any amount of her advantage, fling it broadcast away with both hands. And the tide was setting her to leeward, setting her on it, *hard*. Could she weather her buoy? Hardly . . . and yet . . . yes, yes . . . the buoy was here, almost within arm's reach, but still to leeward, as we curved. We were off the wind now. Fine work. She had done it.

The mainsheet was eased away, out, out, out it went. "Main topm'st stays'l sheet — quick! Out spinnaker boom." But no, the order was countermanded. "*Set your sails*," a voice thundered, "never mind that boom."

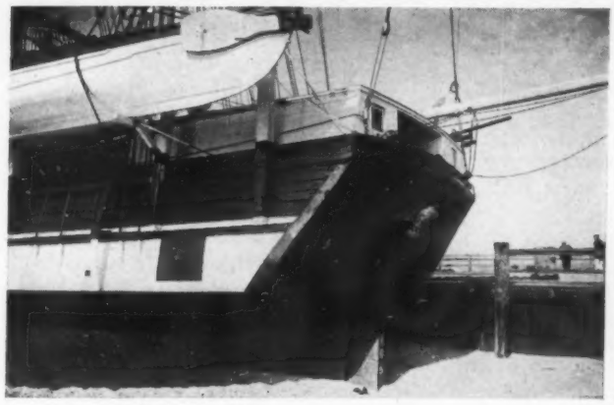
Restored again to the swift even movement of steady sailing, one could settle comfortably. There was no work for the time being. And one could cast one's eye with interest along the afterguard here. The owner was watching *Lulworth* and the rest of them as they followed us round the buoy that had dwindled into a speck; the nearest was astern by two minutes and a half. But a mere leading position was by no means enough for us, for there would be no win until we had opened away by more than 3 minutes, 50 seconds, the time we must concede to all our rivals today.

There too, close to the wheel, was Lord Ailsa. Sometime owner of the famous *Bloodhound*, Lord Ailsa is a very old hand at the game. His old *Bloodhound* was famous certainly, and yet — when one taxes one's memory for the reason — it is difficult to give in a word the precise ground for her eminence. A consistently well-sailed boat of good design she certainly was; but that is not enough. No, it was her age that hallowed her. Built in 1874 by Fife, she was still well to the front nearly half a century later. Then she was sunk in collision at Cowes. Salved and rerigged, she sailed in her age better than ever; better even than in her youth. Then, dramatically closing her long career — and at very height of her form — she was accidentally destroyed by fire. It was a sort of consecration, like Elijah's fiery chariot. Or, more appositely perhaps, it was like the fire funeral of the old Viking longship.

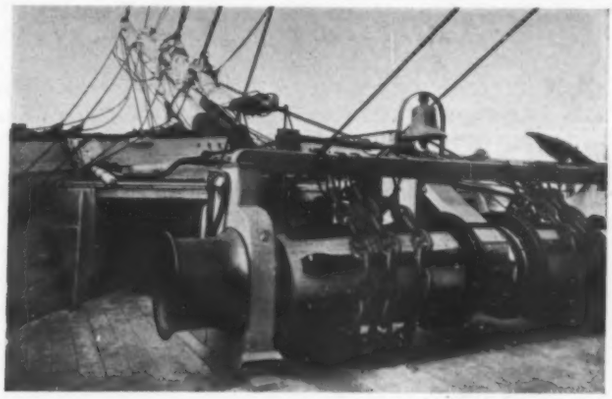
At the wheel actually at the moment was another figure well known. Lord Jellicoe. This way and that, under his capable hands, the spokes of the wheel moved, and the keen face was intent and purposeful. *Westward* was swinging through the water, headed for the Cowes mark boat, and was maintaining her distance. The man who, on its most momentous occasion, had handled the greatest battle fleet of history was handling her; and, brought up to sail as well as to steam, he knew his business. Nor indeed by any means is Lord Jellicoe's knowledge based only on "naval occasions," for he was speaking just now with quiet enthusiasm about small boat sailing, and in particular of a favorite 16-footer during his Governor-Generalship in New Zealand. Yes, he too is an old hand.

We were opening out. Astern of us, *White Heather* was

(*Continued on page 72*)



The stern of the *Morgan*, showing decorations.

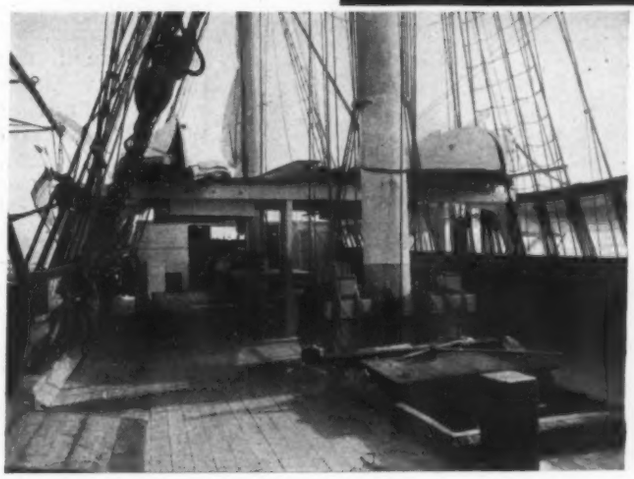


The old wooden-barreled hand windlass.

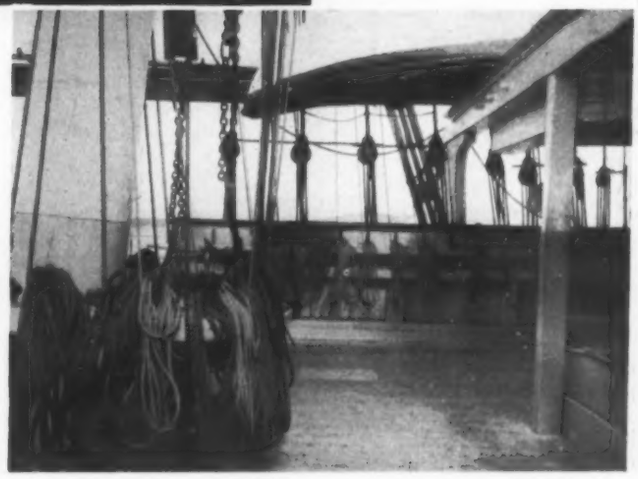
The restoration of the old whaling bark *Charles W. Morgan*, by Colonel E. H. R. Green, assures the preservation of the last of the old square rigged whaleships on the Atlantic Coast. After the loss of the bark *Wanderer*, in 1924, the *Morgan*, which lay rotting at a wharf in Fairhaven, was the only remaining vessel of the big fleet of whalers that once carried the New Bedford house flags to every port and island of the seven seas. It seemed probable that even the *Morgan* might be broken up, until Colonel Green came along and decided to save her, so that future generations of Americans might know the vessels in which the hardy breed of Yankee whalemen made their long voyages.

The *Charles W. Morgan* was built in 1841, just 84 years ago. She was originally rigged as a ship, but later in her career she was changed to bark rig. In restoring her, the original rig was put back on her. The work was done by riggers who had worked on whalers in the old days, and is correct to the last detail. Single topsail yards are shown in place of the double topsails, which did not come into general use until some fifteen years after the *Morgan* was built. The whaleboats, with their gear aboard, are swung out on the old wooden davits, just as they were carried at sea. The hull rests in a bed of sand and cement, alongside a wharf at South Dartmouth, just outside of New Bedford.

(Below) Main deck, looking aft.



(Below) The main fife rail, with running rigging belayed and coiled.



Caritas — A New Diesel Powered Yacht

AN interesting addition to the growing fleet of large Diesel-powered cruising yachts is *Caritas*, which has just been completed and turned over to her owner, J. Percy Bartram, of New York. Designed by Cox & Stevens and built abroad, *Caritas* is 156 ft. over all, 147 ft. water line, 25 ft. 6 in. beam and 11 ft. draft. Powered with two Diesel engines, each developing 350 h.p., she is capable of a speed close to 14 knots, having made the Transatlantic passage at a speed of approximately 11½ knots, from port to port, without once altering the revolutions of the engines.

Her fuel capacity is sufficient for 6,000 miles steaming at cruising speed, and the large space for stores and cold storage make extended cruises possible without having to put into port. The scantlings of the hull are heavy, the bulwarks are high and the main deck is of steel; the decks and all bright work are of teak and the entire boat throughout is of rugged construction.

The dining room is placed at the forward end of the deckhouse, and just abaft it are the pantry and galley, both of which are large and well ventilated. An inside passage on the starboard side of the deckhouse opens directly into the dining room at the forward end, and at the after end connects with the living room at the after end of the deckhouse. Abaft the living room is an open deck shelter which really forms part of the after deck.

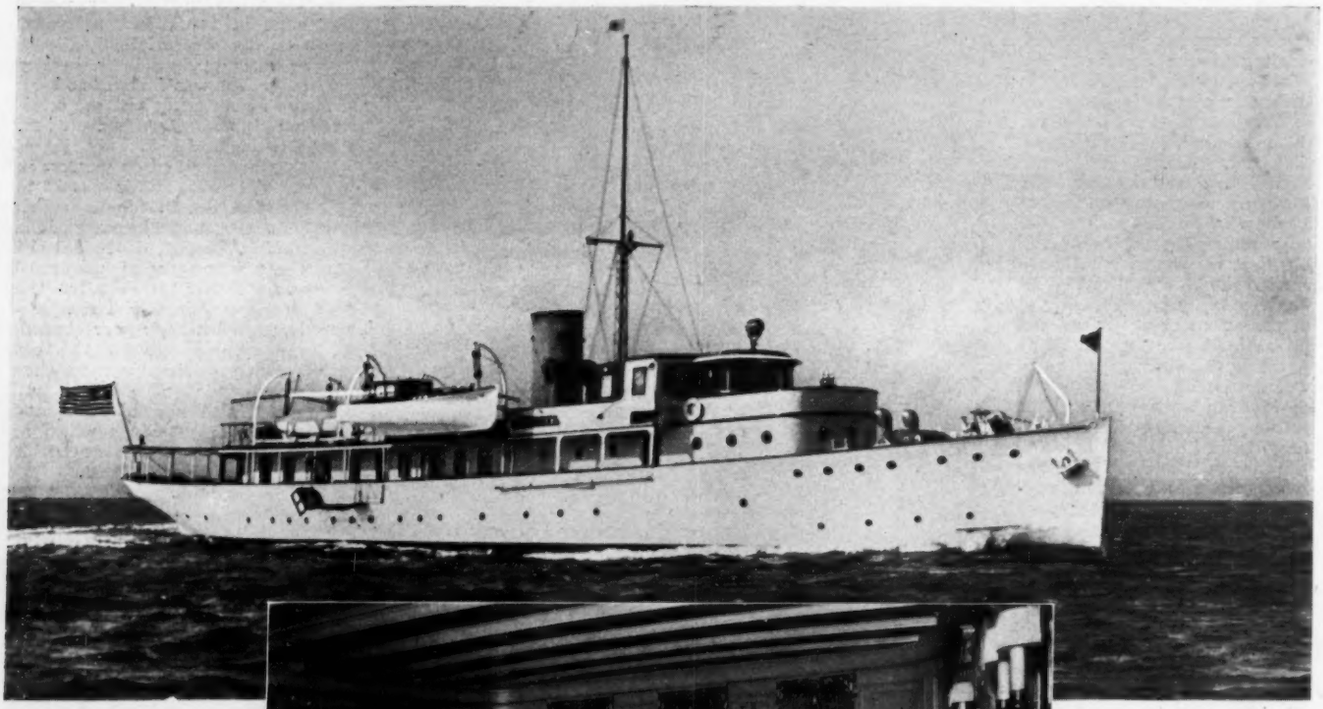
Forward of the living room in the main deckhouse is the owner's lounge, or smoking room. Both the living room and the smoking room are panelled in teak of natural finish, giving a soft effect which harmonizes well with the attractive upholstery and furniture. Both these rooms have fireplaces, which are useful as well as ornamental.

On the upper deck forward of the stack is a house containing pilot house and chart room, besides the captain's room and bath. The entire upper deck is fitted with an awning and gives unusually large deck space available to owner and guests.

There are six staterooms for owner and guests, all with individual connecting baths. The staterooms are well ventilated and attractively furnished, and simply yet handsomely panelled and finished in paint of various tints to harmonize with the draperies. The furniture and decorations were by Wm. Baumgarten & Co.

The auxiliary equipment of *Caritas* is complete and modern in every respect. Oil burning electric generators of sufficient capacity to light the ship throughout are provided, as well as to operate the boat hoists, anchor gear and forced ventilation systems, all of which are in the engine room amidships. All plumbing fixtures operate on the pressure system, while a hot water heating system and fresh air by the pressure ventilating system assure comfortable living conditions regardless of weather.

Caritas is one of the most attractive yachts of this type her designers have yet turned out.



The dining room of *Caritas*, in the forward end of the deckhouse. Above — *Caritas*, a new 156-foot Diesel yacht owned by J. Percy Bartram

The owner's room on the *Caritas* shows unusual thought and taste in the decoration and fittings.

Below — The living room, with its beautiful panels, artistic furniture and broad windows is most attractive.

The after deck, with its upholstered wicker furniture, is spacious and comfortable.

Caritas is one of the handsomest yachts of our rapidly increasing Diesel-powered fleet.

Bermuda Race News

All Signs Point to a Record-Breaking Contest Next June

THAT the Bermuda Race of 1926 bids fair to outshine any previous contest is evidenced by the fact that at this writing, six months before the date scheduled for the start, no less than fourteen owners of eligible yachts have definitely decided to take part in the 660-mile grind. By the 20th of next June, the date finally decided upon for the start, all signs point to the largest fleet of starters ever gathered together for a long distance event.

The following are the entries received to date:

Boat	Owner	Length
Countess,	L. Gordon Hamersley	56′
Quita,	George Woodward, Jr.	60′
Malabar VII,	J. G. Alden	47′
Cygnet,	Paul Hammond	58′
Seven Seas,	V. Merle Smith	58′
Fei Seen,	Irving Cox	58′
Nokomis,	W. A. W. Stewart	58′
Heart's Desire,	A. S. Neilsen	43′
Mary Ann,	John Parkinson	42′
Blue Water,	M. R. Smith	55′
Mystic,	W. F. Downs	52′
Windjammer,	Edw. Crabbe	56′
Primrose III,	O. S. Payson	48′
Dragoon,	R. N. Bavier	65′

***Fei Seen*, one of the Seawanhaka Schooner Class, owned by Irving Cox, which has been entered in the Bermuda Race. She is an auxiliary with a 4-cylinder Scripps motor. Four of this class have already been entered for the long race next June.**

Conditions for the race were decided upon by the Bermuda Race Committee at a meeting held early in December, to be published and sent to boat owners and yacht clubs. In general, the conditions are quite similar to those governing previous contests, the main changes being in the matter of time allowance and allowance for different types of propellers. An abstract of the conditions and rules follows:

In General

Start, 10 A.M., June 20, 1926. Course to be from Sarah's Ledge, off New London, to St. David's Head, Bermuda. Distance, 660 nautical miles.

Members of any organized yacht club in the world are eligible to enter, provided their boats conform to the terms and spirit of these conditions. Boats must be of a thoroughly seaworthy type, substantially built, strongly rigged and properly ballasted, and suitable in all ways for offshore cruising.

The management of the race will be under a committee to be known as the Bermuda Race Committee, which will have full power in interpreting the rules and conditions of the race, and in deciding protests. It shall have full authority to reject the entry of any yacht which, in its opinion, does not comply with the letter or the spirit of the rules. Its decision shall be final.

Classes

Class A. Schooners, sloops, yawls and ketches, not under 53 feet and not over 70 feet over-all length.

Class B. Schooners, sloops, yawls and ketches not under 35 feet and not over 52 feet over-all measurement.

Class C. Fisherman type, any rig, not under 35 feet and not over 70 feet over-all length. Boats eligible for this class shall have not over 35 per cent of their ballast carried outside, and their construction, scantling and rigging shall conform to the general practice in boats of this type.

Measurement and Time Allowance

Time allowance will be based on over-all measurement only, and will be 45 minutes per foot for the course of 660 miles.

Sloops will be rated at 110 per cent of their measured rating.

Boats with propellers will receive additional allowances as follows: For feathering wheel, 2 per cent on their rating; solid two-bladed wheels, 4 per cent on their rating; solid three-bladed wheels, 6 per cent on their rating. No allowance for auxiliaries where propellers are removed or apertures closed.

The Bermuda Race Committee for 1926 is as follows: E. H. Tucker, C. D. Mower, J. G. Alden, R. N. Bavier, H. A. Jackson, S. Wetherill, A. F. Masury and Herbert L. Stone, Chairman. Yacht owners wishing further information are requested to write to the Chairman, Herbert L. Stone, 25 West 43rd Street, New York City. Circulars and entry blanks will be ready shortly.

Another Old Ship Passes

The picture of the old ship *Indiana* on the contents page of this issue is another reminder of how rapidly our once big fleet of sailing ships is passing. The *Indiana* is older than the *Benjamin F. Packard*, which recently came into New York, and has been bought for use as a marine museum. She was built in 1876 at Bath, Maine, and, for many years was in the Far East and the Cape Horn trade to 'Frisco. She is 208 feet in length, 40 feet beam and 23 feet, 9 inches deep. After her deep-water days were over, she was in the Alaskan canning trade and, some time ago, was towed to San Pedro, where she was used for a motion picture company and her name changed to *Colonial Days*. "To what base uses do we not return." The *Indiana* has lately been sold and is to be broken up for junk. Thus they pass.

The schooner *Mariner*, 106 feet long, owned by L. A. Norris, won the long race from San Francisco to Tahiti in the fast time of 21 days and 12 hours.

The schooner *Idalia*, 74 feet in length, owned by Dr. E. R. Parker, was second, 27 days and 21 hours. Note her long yard for use in the trades.

Star Class Midwinter International Race in Cuba

A STAR Class race week of international character, and second only in importance to the famous Star International Championship Series, will be held at Havana during the last week in January, 1926. The event, which is to become an annual fixture at Havana, has been sanctioned by and will be under the auspices of the International Star Class Yacht Racing Association. The program will start with two days of open racing, in order that the visitors may become familiar with local courses and conditions. Then after a day of rest the main event, a series of three races for the Midwinter Challenge Trophy, will begin. This series, which has become known as *Les Petites Internationals*, is restricted to one entry from each Star fleet and will be held under the same rules as the Internationals. An International team race is an added event and will follow the series. It will consist of only one race, on February 1st, in which all the challengers from the U. S. A. will meet a team made up of an equal number of picked Stars from the fleets in Cuba.

This event has been organized through the efforts of the Flota de la Habana, the Vedado Tennis Club and the Fortuna Sports Club. The Mid-winter Challenge Trophy, it is understood, is to be a perpetual one, and will be raced for at Havana each year, some time in January. The series will be sailed over two triangular courses and one windward and leeward one. There will be ample facilities for hauling and painting and the fleet has announced that all single male members of the Star Class will be provided with rooms at the clubs without charge for the period of the series.

This midwinter week of racing and get-together has created widespread interest throughout the fleets of the Star Class. It is estimated that at least eight fleets will enter this year, which is a remarkable number considering the late date at which the final conditions governing the events were announced this first year. Flota de la Habana will, of course, defend but has not yet selected its defender. The New Orleans-Gulf Fleet has finished its eliminations and the *Jane* (J. D. Hayward, of the Southern Y. C.) was the winner and will make the trip to Cuba. The northern fleets were somewhat handicapped about holding elimination series for this event as notice regarding it came out after the active season was over and the boats put up for the winter. Western Long Island Sound has, however, challenged and named *Irex III* (E. A. Ratsey and Geo. Ratsey) as its entry. The selection was made upon the winning by the *Irex III* of the Sound Championship.

The Central Long Island Sound Fleet has selected the *Maia II* and F. T. Bedford to represent its interests in Cuba, this being the same entry as represented them in the past Internationals. The Pacific Coast will also, in all probability, be represented. Vice-Commodore B. Rey Schauer has stated that the Los Angeles Harbor Fleet (formerly the Southern California Fleet) had selected him and that he would be there with the rest. His *Movie Star II* was left in the East last fall and it will be an easy matter to ship her to Havana. Narragansett Bay has decided to let the *Ara* do the honors in Cuba, sailed by W. C. Wood and W. D. Wood.

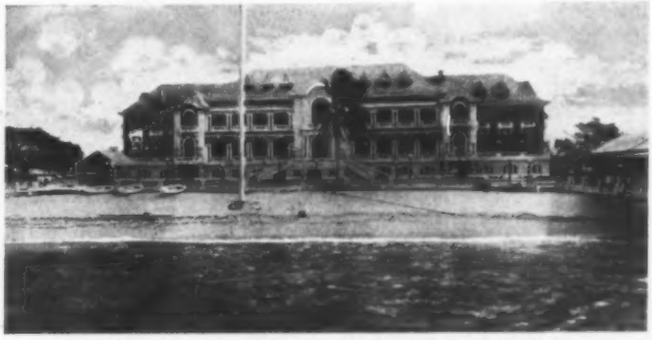
Those Ubiquitous Stars

"THE sun never sets on the Star Class" —
Or so Cap Corry says;
"There's quite a few at Timbuctoo
And several of them at Fez.

"There's many a Star at Zanzibar,
At Fiji and Panay;
Also a fleet you'd be apt to meet
Way up on Baffin's Bay.

"Oh, north and south and east and west
The little Stars are roaming;
They'll have 'em soon at old Rangoon
And Medicine Hat, Wyoming."

SEABURY LAWRENCE.



The clubhouse of the Havana Yacht Club, at Marianao.

The dining and living rooms of W. Earl Dodge's new power houseboat *Samuri*.

Samuri, a New Power Houseboat

THE houseboat *Samuri,* recently delivered to W. Earl Dodge of the New York Yacht Club, was designed and built under the supervision of Messrs. Tams & King, by the Mathis Yacht Building Company. She is now on her way to Florida where Mr. Dodge will cruise on her this winter.

Her designers have turned out a particularly able looking houseboat, very carefully thought out in every detail, they having had in mind designing and building a boat which would be well adapted for both northern and southern use, and the consensus of opinion is that the completed yacht has more than come up to their expectations. The ventilation is unusually good, all rooms having direct ventilation as well as electric fans, and of course she is screened throughout. She has ample electric power for easy handling of her boats, launches, anchors, etc., all being hoisted electrically.

The dining room is a most attractive room with its English lacquered furniture combined with curtains and furniture coverings in Chinese motif, with a background of glazed green panelling. The large sitting room is directly abaft the dining saloon and is divided from it by curtains of figured English linen which can be drawn to, making two separate rooms. The window curtains and furniture coverings are of the same type of material, the panelling being treated in the same color as in the dining saloon.

The stairway from the upper to the lower quarters of *Samuri* is very attractively worked out.

This room is very attractively furnished with large upholstered easy chairs and sofas and a plentiful supply of lamps, tables, desks, bookcases, etc. A stairway with lacquered iron balustrade leads from the sitting room to the stateroom below.

Abaft the sitting room on deck is a large shelter deck. The open deck extending aft of the shelter space is very roomy and attractively furnished. Going below from the dining saloon one enters the large vestibule, off which are two small staterooms with adjoining baths, and a roomy guest room in which are twin beds, bureau, dressing table, large closets and adjoining bathroom. The plumbing is of the very latest type, furnished by the Crane Company, each bath having its own shower.

In the after end of the yacht is the owner's stateroom which is a large, comfortable room with twin

(*Continued on page 74*)

The after double stateroom of the power yacht *Samuri*. Top — Looking aft from the vestibule of the *Samuri*. Insert — The new 100-foot power houseboat *Samuri*, owned by W. Earl Dodge.

Why the Kicker Doesn't Kick

Some Pointers on Keeping an Engine That Is Used Infrequently in Good Condition

By S. S. Pierce

THE fact that the power plant of an auxiliary fails to perform at the critical moment is an incident of cruising so often heard as to have become almost proverbial, in spite of the fact that such failures may easily be avoided by a little study and foresight. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred the engine itself is not at fault. Although it may be too small, or ill suited to the type of hull in which it is installed, that is no reason why it should not start promptly and give just that little extra push needed to claw off a lee shore, to weather the point, or keep her clear of the rocks when becalmed in a strong tideway; or, if at sea, to bring her about on the other tack when hove to, and to pull her out of a tight place at any time, to say nothing of making port when becalmed within a mile or two of the entrance.

In an emergency almost any engine will do, provided it can be depended upon to start when needed and be kept running until she is "out of the woods", because it will never be required to run continuously for any length of time.

Now if *everything* is in proper working order, the engine *must* start and run. In other words, if it refuses to start at once you may be sure that there is a reason, for the laws of physics and mechanics (which are man's interpretation of the laws of nature) are immutable.

Assuming that everything is mechanically sound, and that the average cruising man is familiar with the ordinary and obvious sources of trouble, such as loose or corroded electrical connections and contacts, foul or improperly gaped spark plugs, flooded cylinders, carburetor adjustment, etc., we shall only deal here with the more obscure varieties, and those caused by faulty installation.

Any exhaust arrangement which allows sea water to reach the cylinders under *any* circumstances is obviously a fault of installation, and is inexcusable. The high gooseneck exhaust pipe discharging into the middle of an athwartships straight horizontal pipe right through both sides of the boat, as installed in English life-boats, absolutely overcomes this evil. Many owners object to this arrangement because the lee opening is always below water, forcing the exhaust out the weather side whence it is usually blown across the deck into the helmsman's face. This objection does not seem valid in an auxiliary where the engine is only running, on an average, ten per cent of the time under way. Engines will sometimes *run* with a submerged or intermittently submerged exhaust, but will seldom *start* from cold under such conditions. If you have any doubts about this, the next time you start your automobile let a small boy hold his foot against the end of the exhaust pipe and you will soon be convinced. A tablespoonful of snow in the muzzle of a shotgun has been known to burst the barrel.

Another common fault of installation is that of a single fuel tank on one side, or abaft the engine. In either case conditions may arise in which the flow to the carburetor will be disturbed. Two tanks, one on either side of the engine, will insure a constant, even flow, and need not be placed so high above the carburetor as a single tank.

The causes and effects of moisture are probably less generally understood, and give rise to more mysterious starting failures than any other one condition.

Dampness results in:

A. "Leaks" and short-circuits in any or all parts of the ignition system from the battery or magneto to the points of the spark plugs.
B. Water in the carburetor.
C. Water in the priming can.
D. Water in the cylinders.

There is only one cure for condition A, which consists in drying out the whole engine room. This may be effected by a combination of heat and ventilation. The more heat you can apply the less ventilation required and vice versa. On a bright sunny day when there is not much spray flying, the problem is very simple; plenty of fresh air and a little sunlight will effect a complete cure in a very short time. On a stormy day when everything must be battened down to the point where the craft becomes like a bottle hermetically sealed, and when, perhaps, the engine space has been allowed to become damp before the hatches were closed, the problem is indeed a tough one, though not insurmountable. I have found the following method effective on several occasions: Take a dry bath towel and heat it over the galley stove, fill an empty tin can with boiling water, take the can in to the engine room, put it on the floor and put the priming can in it. When the priming can has become so hot that you can scarcely hold it with bare hands, fetch the hot towel from the galley and wrap it quickly around the carburetor, allowing one thickness to hang loosely over the air intake; prime, and crank immediately. No time must be wasted over this performance, for while the priming can in the tin of hot water will remain hot enough for a few minutes, the towel will lose its heat almost immediately. It must be a very feeble spark indeed that will not fire its charge under these conditions. Never prime an engine with picric acid, ether, or any other trick "dope."

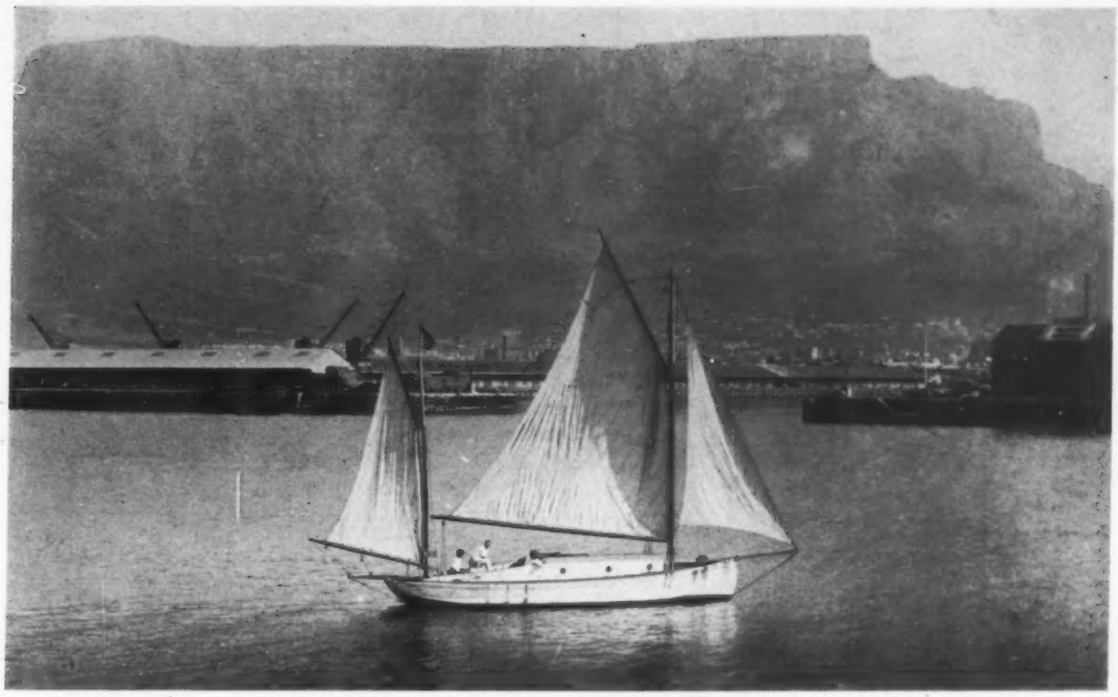
Condition B arises from what is familiarly termed "sweating" inside the gasoline tank. One of the laws of physics which we all learn in school, and most of us forget immediately after, is that when a liquid changes to a gas heat is absorbed. Gasoline is continually evaporating and hence absorbing heat. The warmer the weather the faster the evaporation, hence the great difference in temperature in summer between the gasoline tank and the surrounding atmosphere. Obviously the more nearly empty the tank the more cold inner surface there is to cause condensation.

The air in summer is pretty heavily charged with moisture except when a northwest wind is blowing. As this "sweating" can not be avoided we must depend on strainers and water traps to prevent this water reaching the carburetor. These devices are effective only if they are *cleaned and drained at frequent and regular intervals*.

Condition C is very easily avoided; first, by keeping the priming can full and plugged by impaling a cork on the tip of the spout, and, second, by filling it from the carburetor drain instead of the strainer or trap drain. (Even so it is best to throw the first few drops overboard.)

Condition D may be caused by any of the foregoing or by local "sweating" (leaky gaskets or cracked cylinders, and minute sand holes in faulty castings, are cases in which the engine is not mechanically sound and therefore do not come within the scope of this article), and if bad enough to prevent starting, which is rare, may be over-

(*Continued on page 74*)



The *Islander* in the harbor of Cape Town, South Africa, with Table Mountain in the background.

The *Islander's* Round-the-World Cruise

Little Yawl Circumnavigates the Globe in Four-Year Voyage

By WALDO DRAKE

HARRY PIDGEON has just girdled the earth, alone, in a 34-foot yawl, after four years of beating about the byways of the seas. He went, and came back, because he is one of those men —

"Who stake their lives to fathom that solveless mystery;
Who on the space of waters have fought the killing gale,
Have heard the crying of the spar, the moaning of the sail;
Who never see the ocean but that they feel its hand
Clutch like a siren at the heart to drag it from the land."

Pidgeon caught that sea-fever 40 years ago, back in Henry County, Iowa, curled up before a wood fire while the breathless scenes of Stevenson's *Treasure Island* sent shivers up his spine. It was the spirit of Tusitala that, four years ago, sent him out of Los Angeles Harbor in the little *Islander*, knowing nothing of what lay before him but bound around the world, just the same. And it was that same spirit that a few weeks ago brought him sailing just as calmly back, smiling, healthy, and years younger in mind and body than on the day he started on his long voyage.

The skipper of the *Islander* is one of the most casual, unassuming persons imaginable. One gets this when he talks of his voyage of 1,442 days, alone, in the little ship, with the comment that "nothing really happened." He explains it something after this fashion:

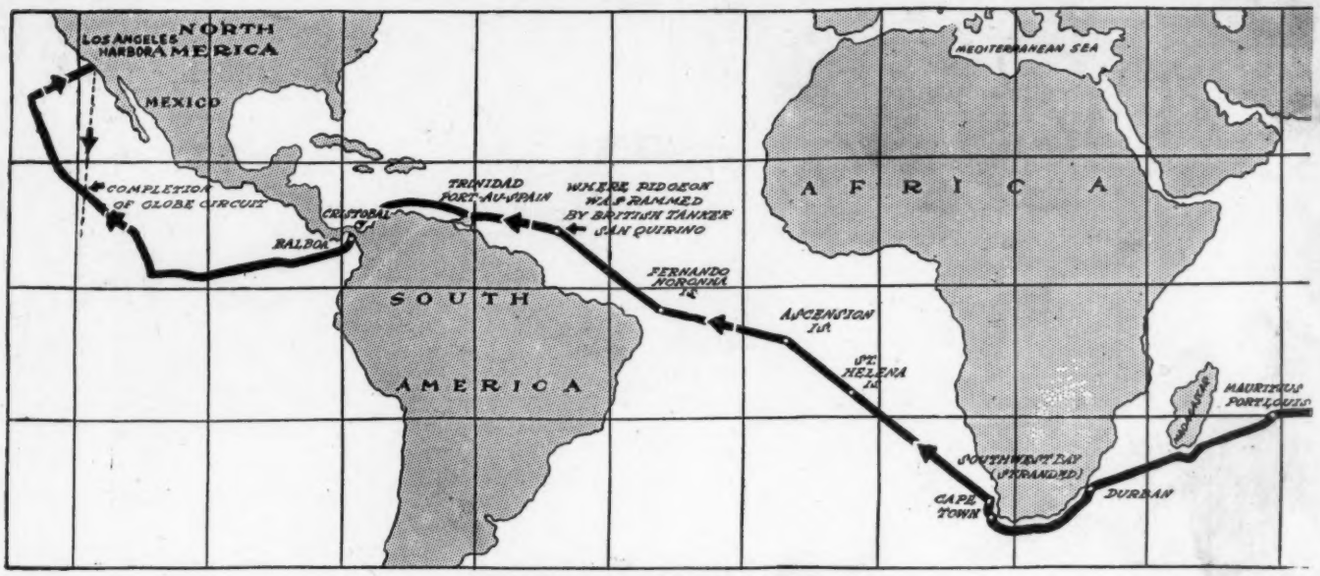
"Gosh! It was all just like sailing in around the breakwater, nothing much ever happened, but just the same they were the happiest days of my life. I don't know just when I have had such a good time. I struck plenty of bad weather, of course, but I just reefed her down and kept sailing along with the wind abeam. I didn't heave her to but twice on the whole voyage and then she rode it out in great style."

To Pidgeon, the *Islander* is like the Magic Carpet. Since he left Los Angeles on November 18, 1921, until his return, October 31, 1925, the *Islander* knocked about over 35,000 miles of the seven seas and the three times during the four years that the skipper admits she was really in danger were all due to human fallibility and not to the fury of the elements or the unseaworthiness of the craft. "I'll take her any place in the world and she'll bring me through," says Pidgeon of his home-made craft.

Only one other man has ever circumnavigated the world entirely alone and he was also an American — Captain Joshua Slocum, whose voyage on the *Spray* extended from 1895 to 1898. Captain Slocum was an expert navigator and for over twenty years before he sailed on the *Spray* he had been aboard of and in command of square-riggers on every ocean and was familiar with the winds and currents of every sea. Harry Pidgeon, on the other hand, is an amateur sailor, whose sailing knowledge all came from the love of the sea. Before sailing from Los Angeles in 1921 he had not visited a single one of the spots he touched on his long voyage. The *Spray*, while only two feet longer than the *Islander*, was much more heavily constructed, had more beam and twice the displacement of Pidgeon's tiny yawl.

Harry built the *Islander* himself in 1918, at Los Angeles Harbor. She is a development of the *Seabird*, designed by C. D. Mower, in a 25-foot model of which Thomas Fleming Day crossed the Atlantic 15 years ago. She is 34 feet long overall, with 10 feet, 6 inches beam and a draft of 5 feet. She carries 1,200 pounds of iron as outside ballast on her keel and has some 300 pounds more inside. Her 634 feet of working canvas is her sole motive power and of her two suits of ten-ounce sails Pidgeon himself made one.

There is no unnecessary gear about the *Islander*,



Track Chart of the *Islander's* voyage.

everything being the simplest possible. She carries two sidestays on each side on her main and mizzen masts and no backstays on either mast. She has no lazy-jacks, but one lift on the main and the mizzen booms. All three of her sheets are handled from the cockpit and she steers with a tiller. The simple, box-like binnacle, is at the forward end of the cockpit, which is of the self-bailing type.

Below decks the *Islander's* accommodations consist of one single cabin. On the port side of the companionway is a small Shipmate stove, and opposite is a four-drawered locker. Two seven-foot transoms take up the space amidships and forward of these is ample storage room for the *Islander's* spare suit of sails and gear and Pidgeon's photographic equipment. He did his own developing and printing on the voyage. The cabin has approximately six feet headroom.

The *Islander* is strongly built but not of heavy construction. She is so well fastened, however, that she came back after her several beachings and many buffetings without having opened a single seam. Her remarkable ability, according to Harry, lies in the fact that she gave before the seas, like a ballasted cork, rather than smashing into them.

When the *Islander* was completed Pidgeon explored the Southern California coast and islands in her until the spring of 1920, when he sailed to Hawaii, returning later the same year. The next fall he started on his world voyage.

The cruise of the *Islander* cost her skipper, all told, less than $1,000. He left Los Angeles with $350 in cash and aside from the money he obtained *en route* by lecturing not another cent was expended on the voyage, he says. His wants on the cruise were very simple. Dried fruits and vegetables, potatoes, black tea and, very rarely, a slice of bacon, composed his diet. He carried his water in two casks beneath the cockpit and never ran out of food or water.

For forty years, since he discovered Stevenson, Pidgeon's eyes had been on the Great Adventure. He decided years ago that Anaho Bay, in the Marquesas, was to be his first objective, because it was there that Stevenson first saw the South Seas. And so, on November 18, 1921, the *Islander* poked her nose southward for the Island of Nukuhiva. At sunrise, 43 days later, she dropped anchor in Anaho Bay.

"I felt just as Stevenson did when he wrote, 'When the *Casco's* anchor rumbled down in Anaho Bay I knew that the South Seas were going to be my home'" said Pidgeon. "I had dreamed about the South Seas since childhood, and that moment was the happiest of my life. Stevenson read Herman Melville's *Typee*. The next day he went down to the San Francisco waterfront, bought the *Casco* and a week later he and his wife sailed for the South Seas. I want to tell you that I felt like a new man when I sailed into those unbelievably beautiful bays of *Typee*."

The *Islander* spent four months in the Marquesas and Tuamotu Archipelago and then she sailed for Tahiti, arriving at Papeete, May 20, 1922. Here Pidgeon had her hauled out for her first overhaul, and after the close of the Fall of the Bastille celebration, in July, he sailed for Samoa, reaching Pago Pago, August 10, 1922.

Native royalty of Samoa accepted him whole-heartedly and his social position was secure from the start, something that always worried him, he says, as he approached a new place. But he feels that he was a success in Samoa because the royal family urged him to take any one of forty young ladies as his wife.

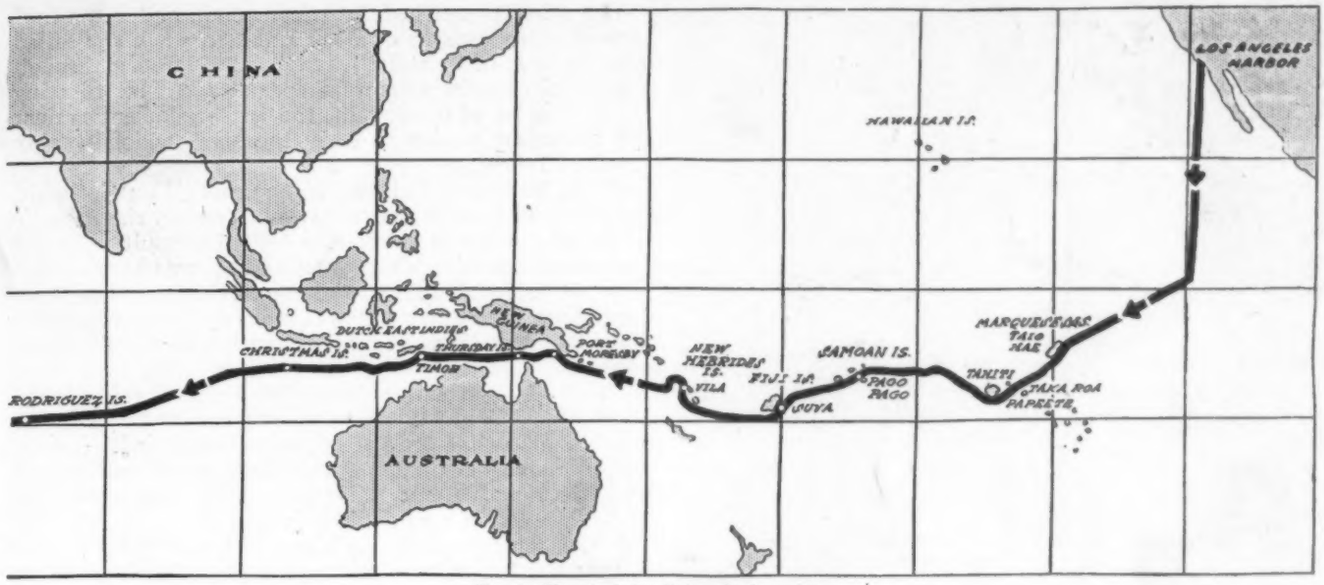
His most enjoyable visit of the entire voyage was in the Fiji Islands, where he spent six months. He arrived at Suva from Pago Pago on November 15th, and did not leave the Fijis until the following spring of 1923.

From Fiji Pidgeon sailed to the New Hebrides and it was while he was prowling about that island group that he got his first taste of the old adventurous days of the South Seas. He tells of suddenly rounding a point and sailing into a cove to find his boat completely surrounded by canoes full of naked savages.

"They grinned and I grinned," he explains, "and that's all there was to it. But everywhere I went I was treated kindly by both white and black men. At each place I stopped they seemed to know about me and were always ready with every kind of assistance."

From Vila, New Hebrides, the *Islander* headed again to the westward, up through Torres Straits to New Guinea, reaching Port Moresby on June 6, 1923; Thursday Island, in mid-Straits, July 5th; and Timor, an island of the Dutch East Indies, a week later. His last stop in the East Indies was at Christmas Island, which outpost of Oceania he touched on August 20th.

The *Islander* then ran across the Indian Ocean in fast time, negotiating the 2,900-mile reach before the southeast trades to Port Louis, Mauritius, in 25 days. She arrived at Mauritius on September 15, 1923, and after spending two months on the island sailed for the African mainland, reaching Durban on Christmas Eve.



Track Chart of the *Islander's* voyage.

The skipper of the *Islander* was entertained lavishly during his two-month stay at Durban. While there he met the U. S. S. *Trenton* and U. S. S. *Concord*, new American light cruisers circumnavigating Africa on their shakedown cruises.

On February 23, 1924, Pidgeon sailed from Durban on what he expected to be the roughest passage of the entire voyage — rounding the Cape of Good Hope. He was 18 days in making Cape Town and his expectations were entirely fulfilled, the whole 900 miles being a succession of either easterly or westerly gales. The little yawl was wet from truck to keel, night and day, and either pounding into stiff head seas of the westerly or running off before an easterly gale with long, green seas rolling up astern. On the last day of this passage the *Islander* made one of her best runs of the voyage, rounding Cape Agulhas at dawn and the Cape of Good Hope at sunset, logging better than 100 miles in twelve hours.

News of the *Islander's* coming had preceded her to Cape Town and on the morning of her arrival at the South African metropolis she and her skipper were greeted by the entire squadron of the Royal Cape Yacht Club, of which Pidgeon was subsequently made a member. Nineteen months later, when the *Islander* completed her globe belting at Los Angeles, the burgee of the Royal Cape Yacht Club was flying at her main truck.

Starting home from Cape Town in July, 1924, Pidgeon met with his only serious accident of the cruise on the second night out, when the *Islander* ran ashore in Southwest Bay, 80 miles north of Cape Town.

"The boat was loafing along, sailing herself with an easy sea and light breeze," Pidgeon says, in recounting the incident. "I thought I was far enough offshore for safety and had gone below for a nap when I felt her roll under a ground swell. I knew right away that things were getting ticklish but before I could get on deck her keel began bumping rocks.

"'Well,' I said to myself, 'My trip ends right here.' I knew it wouldn't do any good to get excited so I just sat in the cockpit and watched each swell throw her through the surf. Up and down the shore, as far as I could see in the moonlight, there was nothing but rocky surf, save for one little stretch — maybe a hundred yards long — of sandy beach. I hoped that the boat would bring up on the beach and, sure enough, that's what she did, right bang in the middle of it. I stepped ashore after she had settled and found that she was resting safely on her side, high and dry, with no bad knocks from pounding on the rocks, so I crawled back in my bunk and slept until morning."

The following day, upon hearing of the *Islander's* mishap, members of the Royal Cape Yacht Club sent out a tug and salvage crew from Cape Town, and three days later the little yawl was again afloat, as sound as the day she was built. Pidgeon warmly praises the sportsmanship of the Cape sailors and says but that for their assistance, before and after his stranding, he could not have completed the voyage.

The *Islander* made good time before the southeast trades on the run up to St. Helena, and reached the island of Napoleon's exile on October 10, 1924. Among the men he met during his month at St. Helena was Captain E. A. Harper, the same man who nearly thirty years before had given Captain Joshua Slocum his famous goat, which ate all the charts, when he was circumnavigating the globe in the *Spray*.

From St. Helena the *Islander* ran across to Ascension Island, the lonely cone out in the middle of the South Atlantic, formerly used to check chronometers by the old clipper ship masters coming home from the far east. Harry says one of the most interesting things of his whole trip was the method employed by the British residents of Ascension Island, where it never rains, in obtaining fresh water.

"Ascension is a desert island with one lofty peak in the center," he explains. "Although it never rains on the Island the trade wind clouds, loaded with moisture, are always sweeping over and drenching the sandy peak. The Britishers dug a huge reservoir, around the perimiter of which they planted tropical trees back to a distance of several hundred yards. The clouds, sweeping over, leave their moisture in this dense foliage at the peak and the "fog pool" is always filled with water."

The second of Pidgeon's three narrow escapes from serious accident came on the day after Christmas, 1924, when he reached Fernando Noronha Island, a Portuguese penal colony off the Brazilian coast. He decided to approach the island only close enough to make a photograph, and to save time he attempted to sail through what seemed a fair passage between Fernando Noronha and Rat Island.

"There seemed to be a fair-sized channel between the two walls of rock and I romped into the opening with a

The *Islander*, just after she dropped anchor in Los Angeles upon the completion of her four-year round-the-world voyage.

smart breeze directly astern and the current also shoving me along. I had only sailed a few hundred yards when the cliffs closed in, narrowing the passage. The current was like a mill race and the rocks were so close below that I expected every moment to see her stove in. I thought I was all done for when the passage opened up and I went sailing out into the sunshine and the open sea."

It was midnight, just a week later, that the *Islander* experienced her third and final close call. She was reaching up the Brazilian coast for Trinidad, sailing herself under jib and reefed mizzen, with an easterly gale abeam and the skipper asleep below.

"I was awakened by a bumping sound alongside and jumped out on deck to find what seemed a black mountain of steel looming up in the darkness to leeward and the *Islander* pounding against the hulk as the huge seas struck her," said Pidgeon.

It proved to be the British tank steamer *San Quirino*, bound from Buenos Aires in ballast for Los Angeles. Seeing the single light of the *Islander* bobbing out in the gale-torn seas the tanker's master had altered his course in the belief that it was a small boat in distress.

"Someone yelled, 'Stand by for a line!' and a second later I was hit square in the head by the end of a heaving line," Harry recounts. "I yelled back, 'Get to Hell out of here before you wreck me, I don't need any help.' But just then a sea caught the *Islander* and lifted her clear above the rail of the tanker. As we went by some officer reached out from the rail and tried to grab my hand and as my boat fell back into the trough of the sea her bowsprit struck the side of the steamer and was broken off, while her port mizzen shrouds were also carried away. The tanker finally got off on his course and in the darkness I figured that my only damage was the broken mizzen shrouds, so I lowered the sail to save the mast. I headed her up into the wind and as I did the jib and broken bowsprit came flying back into the cockpit.

"There I was, out there in a gale of wind and not a foot of sail on her. I lashed the tiller, and, while she was rolling about like an empty glass bottle, I managed to rig the jib so that I could handle her. I repaired on the way to Trinidad and made Port-of-Spain on the 20th of January."

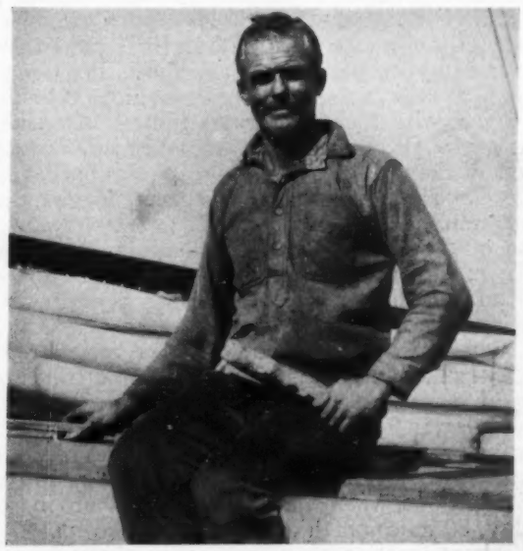
The *Islander* touched American territory for the first time in many months on May 2nd last, when she sailed into the port of Cristobal, Canal Zone. Passing through the Canal three months were spent at Balboa, refitting for the last leg of the voyage, the 3,700-mile beat against the northeast trades to Los Angeles — which was to require 85 days.

While he was at Balboa Pidgeon met Alain Gerbault, the youthful French sportsman who crossed the Atlantic in the 36-foot sloop *Firecrest* in 1923. Gerbault, who had been knocking about the West Indies, was then on his way to Easter Island, and the two adventurers had quite a talk-fest, the skipper of the *Islander* giving Gerbault the benefit of his experiences with South Pacific winds and currents.

"I admire Gerbault's nerve and ability," said Harry, "but I would hate to start for Easter Island in a racing machine like that little sloop, with her lofty jib-headed rig and narrow beam. On a trip like that you need a boat with lots of stability and a rig that can be handled inboard and in a hurry if a squall hits you.

"The trip from Panama home to Los Angeles was by far the hardest part of the voyage, but I knew all along that it would be a long, hard fight and was prepared for it."

From Balboa the *Islander* ran 1,800 miles offshore before she headed north, going out to longitude 110° west and down to latitude 3°43′ north before the trades dwindled into the doldrums. She rolled about under the equatorial sun of the doldrums for two weeks before she finally got a breeze and headed for home on the starboard tack. The big moment of the *Islander's* voyage came at noon, October 7, 1925, when she crossed her own outbound course in latitude north 18°30′, longitude west 121°



Harry Pidgeon, on the *Islander*, taken just after his arrival home.

15′, thus completing the circumnavigation of the globe. Here Pidgeon threw over the side a bottle, containing a message with notice of the event. Outbound, the *Islander* had been at that spot on December 7, 1921, requiring just 46 months to a day to belt the world.

The *Islander* sailed northward on that long starboard tack until she reached latitude north 30° and longitude west 129°30′, about 750 miles off the California coast, before her skipper brought her about on the port tack that was to take her home. That was on October 18, and 12 days later he sighted the headlands of San Clemente Island, the first land he had seen since dropping Cape

(*Continued on page 80*)

Offshore With *Mary*

Something About Her Tryout in a Deep-Water Triangle of 2300 Miles

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

WHICH is worse, I'm asking you: to sail away on a venturesome voyage before you are all set and ready, or to play safe in testing out your gear and so risk delay in which something may come along to rook your start and indefinitely postpone it?

This is a problem that has vexed expeditionary leaders since Ug, the cave man, made him a coracle of an aurochs' hide stretched over curved sticks, provisioned it with dried strips of the big bull's meat and debated whether to carry his fresh water in sealskins that might turn rank or fired clay pottery that might smash. Old Cappy C. Columbus played safe and didn't get away to sea for years and years, until he had reached an advanced age. More recently, Arctic expeditions have been held up until they petered out, or gone along and petered out farthest north or south. Still later, fliers have been up against the proposition.

Last winter I grounded in it myself, trying to take a little sail auxiliary from East Boothbay, Maine, to San Pedro, California, the port of Hollywood. This was the "sketch" *Mary*, schooner-ketch as one might say, built to my design and a unique idea of what a small deep-sea cruiser that might yet want to poke into shoal waters ought to be. *Mary's* dimensions provoked a good deal of comment, favorable and the reverse. A 36-foot w.l., 41 feet o.a., 16 feet beam and 4½ feet draft, keel boat sounded plumb ridiculous to certain old sea dogs who prophesied that she might drown me or starve me, or both.

The *Mary*, in East Boothbay Harbor, Maine.

In getting away I tried to steer a middle course and fell between two stones, figuratively, I mean. Her sailing qualities I had no time to test, the Ice King stalking down from the north in long rapid strides. Certain other details I insisted on getting as right as possible, and in this delay the Big Cold overhauled me — 8 degrees below zero the day I went to sea. Frozen in for a week in Buzzards Bay, Long Island Sound harbors blocked with ice, so that I hauled out at Stamford, rather than risk cutting my new boat to pieces. That winter's voyage was rooked; postponed for a year at least, maybe longer, I don't yet know. But in the meantime *Mary* has had a pretty fair tryout in an offshore deep-water triangle of about 2,300 miles: Montauk to Cape Henry; Cape Henry to Bermuda; Bermuda to Provincetown, and South Bristol, Maine, where my sea-island summer home locates itself.

Clearing from New York for Santo Domingo, the plan was to try to get round to California, as in the winter past. But here came another delay, this time a frontal sinus operation. Then an able-bodied member of my amateur crew found it necessary to return home for a fortnight to put some personal business in order, and rather than have him lose out on the voyage I told him to join the ship in Hampton, Va.

There were three of us on this first trot to the mouth of the Chesapeake, via the edge of the Gulf Stream. Mr. Charles A. Chase, who embodies the qualities and abilities for this sort of thing, wrote asking me for the billet of working guest, and stating his reasons for believing that he had the goods. Not all, by any means, as he omitted saying that he had been an honor man at Boston Tech; a war ensign, U. S. N., at the age of 19; a champion rifle shot who had lifted a notable challenge cup; an expert with such instruments of precision as sextant, course protractor, compass, and with such tables as are contained in Bowditch and H. O. Book 203, and a few other little accomplishments of the sort including motors, ship's gear and the like, all of which could be usefully employed by so abstracted and often sloppy a hit-or-miss navigator as myself.

Chase had suggested Robert S. Lunt as a third man, so we shot a telegram at him and hit the bull's eye. Then, on discovering what an amazing amount of technical and practical seagoing ability this youngster had managed to haul in and hang onto in his 21 years I was so loth to lose him that when he was obliged to postpone his leaving I shifted my rather undetermined plans and told him to try to finish up and report aboard at Hampton. Chase then got his brother Walter to help us take *Mary* to Hampton.

About ten minutes before sailing from Sag Harbor, the commander of a rum-chaser, just in from outside, told me that the rum fleet was lying about 30 miles off Shinnecock, watched by a cordon of chasers. I did not crave to see the rum fleet except it was in a sinking condition, and I cared even less to have any intercourse with rum chasers. One of them had halted us as we were feeling our way into Sag Harbor, about 10 o'clock of a black murky night and ordered us alongside him as he lay at anchor in the entrance and a swift tideway. This I had perforce managed to do without breaking anything, despite a searchlight and a gun in my eyes. As I run a dry ship and had not even a bottle of authorized medical spirits aboard, it was the more disgusting.

"Will your crowd hold us up and paw us over?" I asked the commander.

"Sure thing. Every time you're sighted."

"Thanks. Then they'll have some chase out over their rubber boots to sight us."

On this account, on taking a departure from Montauk Light, abeam at 12.57, May 21st, with the wind fresh S.W., we stood away on the starboard tack straight out for 70 miles. The swell was short and steep but the going good enough, the more so as *Mary* has that prime quality of a short hander that up to a close reach she will steer herself within half to three-quarters of a point in any sort of water. Her great beam, full bows and stern make her motion very buoyant, but the rise and fall is easy and her angular heel negligible.

The sheer delight of getting away to sea, out in blue water again, made me feel as I imagine a captive gull might if the flying cage in the Zoo were tilted over and the bird to rise above the city's reek and slant eastward on broad pinions. Even better, perhaps, because the gull would not have been reflecting on three past months of intensive fiction writing, followed by a sinus operation. I am aware that the popular interest in seagoing joyrides, as such, is limited to comparatively few sea-lovers. But joyriding is scarcely the word for this sort of game, if thoughtfully played with the mind, the imagination, imagery and a capacity for absorbing elemental beauty. With me it is purposeful, to gain knowledge, and still more knowledge, of the element comprising two-thirds of the surface of our home planet, its laws, caprices and constantly varying phases. For all his voyagings, man has left no traces on its textures.

Mary's attitude toward hard, rough nor'westers. Sketched by the author.

There is so much to learn for the person who combines some knowledge and experience of his vehicle with a profound interest in the tremendous phenomena of the ocean, wave and tidal movements, cloud formations, currents, barometric and thermometric fluctuations, and the fauna of sea and air. All have their relativity, their significance. The clouds are full of pictures, and so are the waves, if one has the range and speed of vision to catch them, or to set them there. Forms of organic life make their report, just as do instruments. For instance, I have started to take the water's temperature, then sighted a pearly nautilus. No need to bother. We have dipped into the Stream. Nautili do not appear in cold water.

Our first embarassment was the ship's cat, a black kitten presented as mascot by my seagoing brother, John T. Rowland; "Labrador Pete" Diabolo had already proved his name by playing the devil at Sag Harbor. He started to explore the bilge, without a gas mask, got drunk on fumes and came flying up, spitting and bristling, whirled off a few laps below, then up the companion and overboard, to be rescued with difficulty. Diabolo now got below the flooring again and stayed there. While a live kitten may be an inconvenient shipmate a dead one is worse, as the days go by. It looked as if we might have to tear the boat to pieces to give this little devil his due. Walter finally located him and spent an hour or two trying to fish him out with the crook of my stick. Both were a bit the worse for the ordeal.

Our fresh sou'wester blew out in about eight hours, leaving us becalmed in a lumpy swell. We lowered all sail and lashed down the spars to keep them from slamming. The breeze came again and we made sail. The breeze left us and we lowered sail. Hoping to find a better wind in the deeper water, and bring it back with us, we stood away S.S.E. again and overplayed our hand a little by getting into the Gulf Stream, which was, of course, running the wrong way. We must have slid over during the night, nobody noticing the difference in the air. Daylight showed the "deep indigo blue" water, gulfweed, and presently two or three pearly nautili. The water temperature was 71. This was all very pretty but no good to us, so we tacked ship and headed back westward.

As night fell we were still in the Gulf Stream, and witnessed one of its spectacular shows. There had been lightning all around the horizon, and now it began to concentrate in two black squalls, one making up to the northward of us, the other to the south. One would naturally have expected these squalls to have moved in the same direction, but not so. They appeared to be edging in closer on both sides of us; a duel of storms with *Mary* between, like a potential peacemaker. The curious thing about it was that she seemed actually to prove such.

The lightnings became incessant, a constant vivid, shimmering glare. Big purple and gold cloud cohorts were coming down on us from the north, and more sinister ones, indigo with sulphurous edges and trimmings, moving up from the south. The swell also began to run in from both directions, a short steep mess of oily waves. As it grew suddenly dark except for the constant electric illumination, a big school of black whales (blackfish) came lounging close about, within harpoon throw. They were so friendly as to worry me a little, as sometimes they like to scratch their backs on a boat's keel, and that might not be good for the keel. Later, on bright calm days we grew accustomed to these big good-natured visitors, many of which were longer than the boat, or looked so.

We were drifting along under the foresail, and when presently a puff of warm air struck across I thought we might as well take it bareheaded, until we saw which squall was going to win. Then, as we were lowering the sail, a puff of very cold air struck the sail aback. There came a harder, warm blast, and a cold one corresponding. And that, oddly enough, was about all. Neither squall reached us with any violence. The lightning continued to be brilliant throughout the night, but no thunder was audible. We left the sails tied up and turned in, one man on watch for possible ships and a breeze that might warrant making sail. This happened to be Walter Chase, and when I relieved him at midnight he told me that there were some birds fluttering round, barking like toy dogs. It was pitchy dark with a firework display in the northwest sky and to the southward. Walter was right about the barking birds. They were gyrating about so close aboard that we caught glimpses of them, and there came from the murk these curious little yappings such as a Pekinese pup might make. I could not imagine what sort of fowl they could be, but some weeks later, on Nantucket Shoal, this happened again. I think they were petrel, as on this latter occasion they would flutter up almost against the starboard light, like big black moths, and I

caught the petrel markings. But I have never before heard petrel utter such a note.

Petrel are sweet little birds, misnamed it seems to me. There is no presage of storm in their presence, as in that of the swift storm gulls with their long, dark, pointed crescent wings. When these birds begin to boomerang about, usually in ones or twos, you might as well throw extra lashings over dories and scuttle butts. But there were quantities of petrel with us every day of our Montauk-Hampton-Bermuda-Cape Cod triangle, and in all this time we never saw one at rest on the sea. I have at other times seen big flocks of them swimming on the surface when the water is smooth, no great distance offshore. Like gulls they pick up food scraps from ships.

On the edge of the Stream I observed several bunches of small birds closely grouped on the water, nesting as if tucked into moss, heads all one way of course, and with a snug, settled look. They were not unlike petrel with their curve-end beaks, but larger and more plump, brown rather than black and full breasted, like partridges. A little later the same day I noticed on the surface a large quantity of organisms about an inch long, tubular with what seemed to be a fimbriated end, transparent and with a very large red eye.

The breeze came again at 6.30 the next morning, when we made all sail. It was S.E. while it lasted, a reaching breeze, then dropped flat calm to be followed by a heavy squall from the north. This blew over to leave another and worse calm than any so far, because of a lumpy, steep-sided swell. We lashed everything securely and walloped about all night. There was pouring rain with it.

But this saw the end of our bucketing back and forth, 50 to 100 miles offshore, without getting anywhere. The dawn brought in a strong N.E. wind, so we ran off on our course to make a "landfall" on Winter Quarter Lightship, under jib and mainsail to keep the foresail from fighting with the boomtackle rigged to prevent its jibing in the heavy following swell.

Charles Chase had by this time showed me that he could do about everything necessary to be done aboard a boat most thoroughly and efficiently, including the rather difficult taking of sights aboard a small boat in very broken water where the horizon is ragged. If I hit within three or four miles of the ship's position I am pleased, but for Chase to be a mile in error would spoil his day. He advised me to forget what little I knew of the old method of taking a morning sight for longitude, then waiting until getting a noon sight for latitude and computing this back by D.R. to the correct latitude at time of morning sight to work it out, when by carrying the longitude forward over the road by D.R. to noon you get your lat. and long.— a laborious and tiresome process, subject to a lot of embarrassing errors. Chase had mastered the new H. O. Book 203 Line of Position method, and he taught me that. But neither he nor anybody else could ever teach me precision in figures, so finding that he l ked the job I gracefully presented him with it, which saved us both a lot of wear and tear.

He would straddle the scuttle butt with *Mary* oscillating like one of these trick bottles you can't capsize (let's hope the simile is apt), snap off five or six sights, then sail into his tables with the relish of a flapper for a soda fountain. No duck hunter with a full string was ever so keen for a shot at one more canvasback as was Chase for another shot at the sun. Walter dealt him a cruel if unintentional blow one day by reading the chronometer five minutes off, and Charles proved it on him out of a mass of computations like an income tax, but clearer.

We bucketed away for Winter Quarter, and if the weather had been foggy and the whistle out of order we might have had to take a quick jibe to keep from ramming the dear old thing, within five minutes of the time we were due there. Then on down in a stream of traffic for Cape Henry. In this 24-hour run *Mary* did her 150 miles under sail alone, though not getting full use of all three with the wind on the end of the main boom and a biggish following swell.

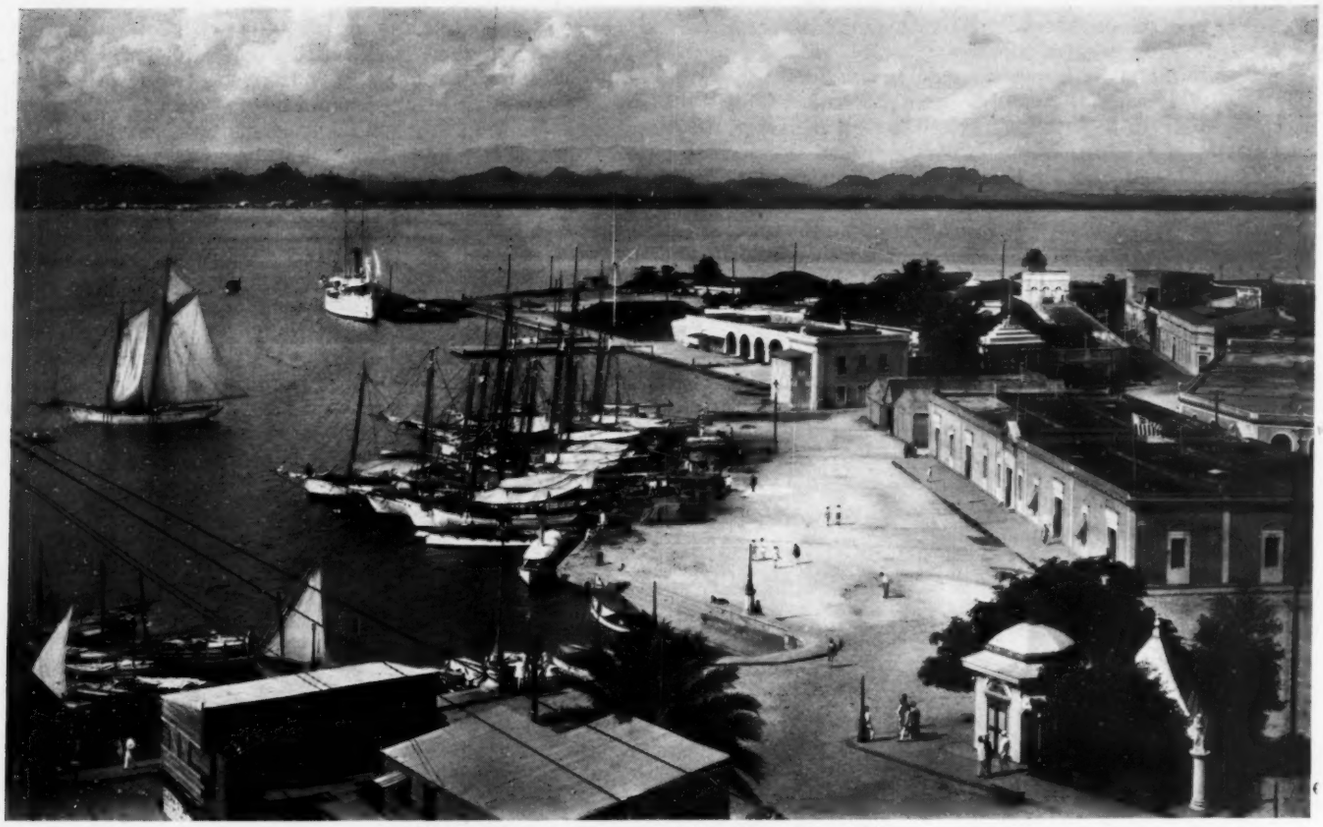
Friendly whales and clouds, sketched by the author.

Early that morning Walter at the wheel let out so wild a yell that for a moment I thought he was overboard. It appeared, however, that we had barged into a big school of blackfish, as this variety of black whale is wrongly named, like so many other creatures first described by sailors and settlers. There may have been a dozen or more, and they were evidently being teased by a multitude of sportive porpoises, the nimble little grey ones, still called dolphins by many folk. These marine acrobats were doing flip-flops over them, like circus trumblers over elephants, and even the whales seemed in a friendly familiar mood as they slid alongside and under *Mary*.

Running through that clear windy night we all got pretty tired and sleepy, *Mary* being a man's handful under such conditions. It was, therefore, all the more annoying when on hauling into the mouth of the Chesapeake and in a slinging chop between the Capes, a U. S. Revenue boat came charging down the fairway and ordered us to lay our boat alongside.

First I protested through Chase and his signal semaphore flags; then through the megaphone. Here was this

(*Continued on page 78*)



The harbor and anchorage at San Juan, Porto Rico.

The Cruise of *Diablesse*

Part VIII — A Week on the Starboard Tack

By FREDERIC A. FENGER

Only one more day of pumping,
One more day;
Oh, rock and roll me over,
Only one more day.
— *Pumping Chanty.*

FROM Barbuda we had gammed among the rest of the northern islands of the Leeward group — all in a lazy sailorman's paradise of barrel-high lisping waves mothered by the soft crooning trade — and now, in Charlotte Amalia, we had our first inkling that something might be wrong. Our "conch" had known for 24 hours. But having his own way of easing things to the skipper, he had kept it to himself, mulling it over against a fitting opportunity for its disclosure. For it would never have done to have spoiled our glorious flight of that forenoon through the Tortola Nigger's Burying Ground, and around St. John's — a cap ful o' wind chock aft — with a piece of bad news. So it came after we had made our harbor stow and gone below for luncheon. We were eating, cabin and fo'c'stle, when a muffled clump-clump was heard on deck as though some sea-farin' Puss-in-Boots had come in over the bow and was stalking aft along the waterway.

"Now, what the devil is *that?*" growled the skipper.

Fred popped his head up the crew's hatch. "Da's Lin'zee! Oh, Laard! An' we done fo'get him aal dese tree week sense we lef' B'buda! Bin undah de gratin' aal dis time." And sure enough! Here he came (the turtle we got at Barbuda), bumping his heavy shell on the deck at every palsied step, for although he held up his head with an air of righteous grievance, he was starved to emaciation, the skin hanging around his bowey legs like wrinkled pantaloons. He steeved a dry malicious glance at us.

"Me t'ink he walkin' af' fo' tell de skippah sumpin'."

Now Lindsay might very well have been in quest of a piece of banana or, having a certain native affinity for the Andros boy, would bespeak a "down anchor" grog for his foremast mate. But there was that in Fred's voice which suggested something more serious.

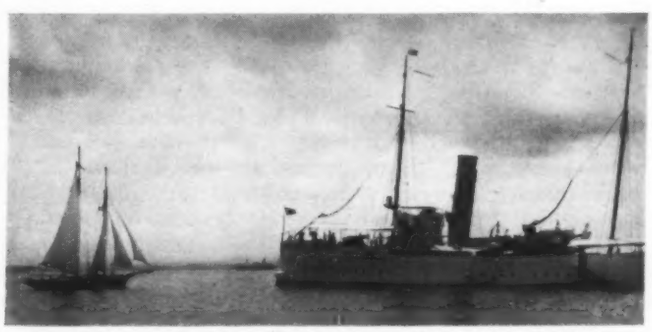
"De scoonah, 'm', am leakin'. Jes' er *li'le.* W'en me pump out in To'tola dere wuz mo' dan de one bucket, an' de water come clear-like. She mus' hab er weepin' seam." A failing not unknown to vessels that plod the sea but so unusual with us that luncheon must be flemished down with unwonted speed and the floor boards taken up forthwith. We found nothing — just clear water gurgling ominously around the ballast — the trouble must be down somewhere along the garboards where only docking would reveal it.

It was not at all pleasant — the thought that we were leaking, even a little — and had we known the true cause and the extent to which our oakum was sickening, we would have been wry indeed. To haul out in St. Thomas was unthinkable — all hands agreed that it would be far better to take a chance even were it only to see our little ship go down under our feet than to have her jockeyed away from us by a crew of black pirates. Our choice, then, lay between Barbados at the end of a long reach, and Nassau, twice as far off, to loo'ard. We would try for Nassau unless, perchance, we might find ways to take us up in San Juan.

Now, the shoes alone know if the stockings are holey, and we were walking along with our back hair up. Only fifteen minutes remained of April Fool's day — which fell upon a Thursday — when our anchor came up and we cleared away for Porto Rico. But that tidy quarter of an hour saved us from a Friday start, though the wind fell light and we cursed it for what we knew later had been a friendly act.

For an hour we sogged along laboriously, rolling like a caravel, and then all hands were called to set the light sails. First the ballooner, and as soon as it was drawing we handed the four lowers. Then up went the big fisherman — and oh, the magic of those kites! We could scarcely feel the wind coming over our quarter, it might have been the moonlight alone that bellied our sails. With nary a roll, *Diablesse* stood almost straight upright and though she hardly seemed to move, by morning we found that we had made 30 miles and were beyond Culebra where nine months before we had found ourselves becalmed with no food and not much more than enough water to wet our tongues. With the sun came the trade, and soon we were coasting down the square shoreline of Porto Rico. The miles were whisking astern effortlessly and *Diablesse* was still our magic carpet. For a very small price we would have bent our course for Silver Bank and Grand Turk, which had been in the backs of our minds to visit, and then we remembered that we were carrying a bag of mail to San Juan for the Danish government. So we held on, and would make our try for Turks afterwards.

Although we found that there were no ways which could take us in San Juan, it was just as well that we had come in, for the very next day a series of gales came out of the north, blowing down harly weather and terrific squalls from far up the Atlantic. Two weeks of it while *Diablesse* lay snugly moored in the Marina with both anchors well out and a stern warp to the quay. The *Brazos*, out of New York in a blizzard, came in to give her tourist passengers a taste of five rainy days ashore, and then put to sea in half a gale. And in the same gale the Clyde liner *Creole* went ashore off Saona at the eastern end of San Domingo where she became a total loss. What price Turks, in our tender condition? We gammed aboard with new friends and, between squalls, junketed about the town.



Standing out from San Juan on the morning of Good Friday.

The break came, as we were turning in one night, with a veritable twister that zoomed across the town and worried our masts and rigging till *Diablesse* sat back bar taut on her cables and trembled like a frightened horse. A whipcrack! — and after that all was quiet. When we looked out the stars were shining. In the morning we found that the weather had gone back into the east'ard and our old friends the trade clouds once more were a-marching from over the hills. At 11 we were off under plain sail.

That was on a Friday, as we discovered when it was too late — Good Friday to boot! — and for a day and a half we suffered calms. Yet we drifted with the current and at

Spongers at Nassau.

times our light sails pulled a hand's weight on the sheets. On Easter Sunday morning we were fanning off Cape Engaño, having averaged something under three knots.

Breakfast had gone, the skipper had wound the ship's clock, and we had brought *Diablesse* on the wind for Viejo Frances whence we would take our departure for Turks. Little enough wind to reach upon, but as we trimmed our sheets there came more of it and the water all to windward was darkening with the promise of the trade come back. An errant bumming fellow, this year, a time server who had been playing fast and loose with us ever since we had left St. Lucia. San Domigo was beginning to walk by us now, and as the wind began toppling the new little seas into whitecaps, we took in our kites — mindful that our ship must not be driven.

At 10 o'clock we were bowling along under the four lowers with the skipper singing at the wheel. The mate was flemished down in the lee side of the cockpit and the "conch" sat with his back in the weather angle of the crew's hatch overhauling a mess of Spanish beans. All at once the skipper broke off his tune, Fred straightened up from his beans and looked about wonderingly, while the mate found herself sitting bolt upright. For *Diablesse* had seemed to hang in her tracks as though suddenly she had come upon a sticky place in the ocean. Then she charged and griped like a hard headed critter and demanded half a wheel to bring her on her course again. Cold shivers cavorted up and down the skipper's back and there was little need for him to look down the companionway — but he did, and saw that the lee half of the cabin floor was under water. It must have made very quickly for only a short time before he had gone below for a fresh pipe.

One dreams, at times, of helplessly sailing a vessel into the very depths. But this was too real. "She's sprung a butt!" yelled the skipper. "Ease the heads'lsl!" The mate sprang for the foresheet as the wheel was spun down and the mainsheet let go — on the run.

A butt, and no less, it seemed! But how? No time now for sleeveless speculation. The "conch" tore aft and manned the pump while the skipper nursed the logy schooner on her easiest course. The floors were quite under now, from fo'castle to companion steps, the water rushing back and forth at each sickening pitch in an ever reversing torrent. A fleet of shoes washed out in the open and careened about like stove boats on a shoaly beach. Sundry gear came trooping aft from the galley, unrestrained, to make them company. A tobacco tin that rode buoyantly; a pipe, bobbing; a ball of marline; a dissolute necktie becoming more dissolute, and a wooden fid. At the end of half an hour we changed places at wheel and pump and as there seemed to be no gain from our efforts to fight the leak, the mate was ordered to plug the dory

and get up food and clothes. Our best chance would be to hold on for Samana Bay, 40 miles to the west'ard, where the little town of Port Santa Barbara lay at the mouth of a tiny inlet. Half that distance on our beam lay the reef harbor of Port Macao — but we would rather not reach, just yet. To leeard, according to the pilot book, the shore was low and foul and skirted with a broken reef. So it was Samana or the dory, and we had little hope of any other choice.

We were now spelling each other every fifteen minutes, resting between while the mate steered. After two hours we saw that we were gaining. And how we put our stomachs into that pump! Literally! For it was an upward pull and with every pull came a three inch column that kept both cockpit scuppers under. Instead of resting off spells, we were now yanking up the floor boards and wildly feeling out the seams between frames for the tell-tale stream we were fighting. The butt? By this time we remembered that there were only two or three as *Diablesse* was almost entirely planked in long lengths, and those proved to be intact. Yet we found nothing wrong and had to return to our first surmise, that the caulking was going somewhere down along the garboards. By 1 o'clock — we had been desperate at the pump for three hours — the water was once more below the floors and in another hour we had her dry. We had more than halved the distance to Port Santa Barbara and in another three hours Samana would be opening her welcome through reef-infested arms to receive us. The thought of Santa Barbara with its sheltered inlet was comforting and yet we knew that once in there, with neither ways for hauling out nor any great tide fall to help us, we still would be "hard up in a clinch and no knife to cut the seizings" as the old fellows used to say.

"We'll get on the wind again," ordered the skipper.

"*Jes*' w'at me wuz tinkin', 'm'," said Fred, all sweating and grinning. "Dis scoonah ain' hab no *real* intenshan fo' dat po't. She boun' fo' Nassau!"

We'd chance it — for an hour or two, at least.

To make sure, we timed our leak. From the moment she was sucked dry, we rested the pump for half an hour. We found that it took fifteen minutes of steady work to draw froth again. This was continued till 4 o'clock when, having determined that for the present we had our leak well in hand and that it was not growing, we decided to hold our course for Nassau. As for Turks, we gave her the deep six, mentally.

Our two-hour tricks at the wheel were now resumed, the man off watch resting the pump, and himself, for an hour and a quarter and then pumping through the remainder of his watch below before relieving the wheel. One might call it a strenuous routine we had laid out for ourselves — with 600 miles yet to go — but it was somewhat relieved during the daytime when the mate took the wheel every other hour, giving us additional rest between sunrise and sunset. She was having her all-night-in against the time when the skipper and the "conch" might have to do a heel-and-toe at the pump while she did *all* the steering.

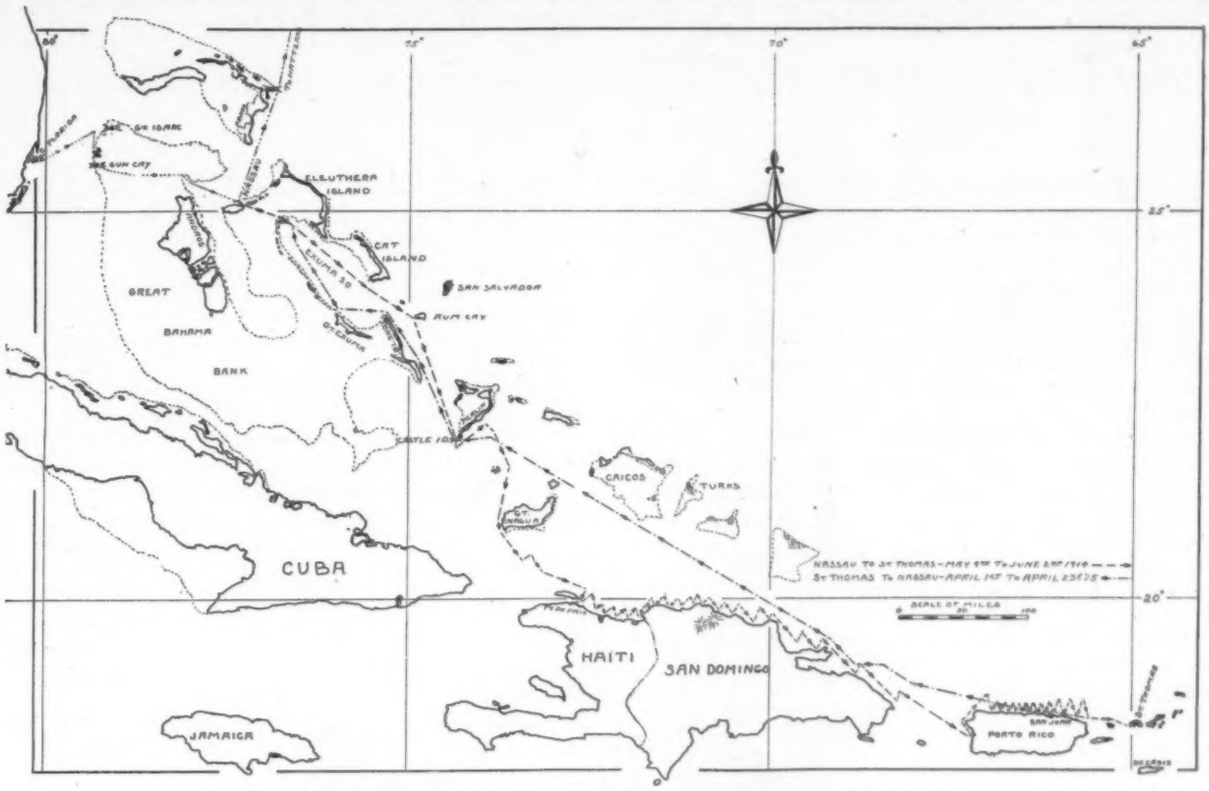
There remains but a confused memory of that first night. Some time during the middle hours we passed Veijo Frances and from then on we were standing well clear of San Domingo. If the leak should gain, by another inch or so of seam, there would be a long lee pull in the dory — to Cuba. But we were wasting scant thought upon the dory or Cuba. Our entire energies were bent upon sailing *Diablesse* as pretty as might be, pumping with as little expenditure of effort as our lanky frames could contrive, and sleeping with all our souls and bodies between times. And it was bearable enough, although one fairly tingled to go below and sleep and let the ship go to the bottom if she wished — there was the feeling that one could keep right on sleeping afloat the tepid sea. So it was untroubled sleep and never any harder to come out of. Fred, leaving the wheel for a momentary dash below, would touch the skipper's shoulder. "Yes, Go' dam it, yes!" And only sheer conscience and the knowledge that the longer he drowsed the longer he'd have to pump, would get him on his feet. Acute ears would apprise of the tell-tale gurgle of water rushing over the ballast as the schooner sogged along at her faithful best. And there were times when he discovered that Fred had pumped a little — it *could* be done while giving the wheel a spoke now and then. But that did not make for good sailing, and the conch would only be cursed for his infernal disobedience. For, after all, it was well nigh nip-and-tuck, and if one of us caved in we'd be losing the schooner. The skipper was thinking of the days to come.

Although the wind had softened a bit through the night, we made such progress that when the sun came up to put a fresh hand to the bellows the high peaks behind where Cape Isabelle would lie were fast sinking astern.

Oh, that steady hard-blowing trade was a joy to our hearts and we lived high to the tune of it. The best of our Danish stuff was opened and one by one the chickens were yanked from the coops and made into belly timber. Rows of grapefruit were halved and sugared and sherried hours in advance and plum pudding well soused in burning rum gave fleeting grace to our noon meals. For once our wine locker was kept open at sea. We needed just *that*, and our iron routine kept our heads as clear as the blue ocean we were sailing on — and pumping through our ship. Pumping and eating and drinking our way to Nassau, we were, and should we not make it we might as well have the good things out of the old ship, first. Our wake was bestrewn with feathers and ebb tide bottles. Cuba would be welcome to 'em. We still kept our dory ready for sea, with Lindsay, the turtle, inside for a boat-tender.

In the early hours of Wednesday we wore an anxious eye to loo'ard for Little Inagua, low and just off our course. But the night was moonless and we saw nothing of her till dawn when she appeared for a moment or two, washing out just over the lee of our counter. We must have passed within two miles of her. The wind was veering now, into the same quarter where we had met it on our way down, and we eased our sheets. By mid-afternoon Acklin was showing over both bows and we stood down, almost broad off, for our old friend, Castle Island.

It was here that we were afforded a most excellent opportunity for observing the ever curious phenomenon of the forming of waterspouts at sea. In veering, the trade had marshalled the clouds astern of us into a compact mass that was now coming up on our lee quarter. And as we watched it overtaking us—not without some anxiety lest it prove to be a breeze killer, for the wind to the north of us seemed to be softening and the seas running flatter —we saw that several small spouts were forming along the approaching edge. Mere wraiths at first that gradually assumed funicular shape, attenuating and then contracting with an elasticity that suggested an inherent cohesion of their watery bodies rather than the result of a centripetal force. We might have avoided them easily enough, by hauling our wind, but that would have meant a jibe sooner or later, and extra sailing to fetch around Castle Island. So we made a race of it to see who should win out. There were four of them, at almost regular intervals, the farthest being not over two miles away. At times they drew up almost out of sight in the low-hanging cloud bosom, but always they dropped down again a little farther than before till at last, with a roar that came down wind to us, they would touch the sea in welters of spray that seemed to rise as though brought up by powerful suctions.



Track chart of *Diablesse* between St. Thomas and Nassau, out and back.

After the first impact these spray welters resolved themselves into encircling crowns built up by the unbosoming of the water falling away from the outer walls of the columns, which we now observed had definite rotary motion. With our glasses we could make out what appeared to be a cone shaped mass rising up from the sea directly under the heel of each twisting column. The heels, as nearly as we could judge, were about twenty feet across and the columns, at their smallest diameters, perhaps eight or ten feet through. The foremost was now very close aboard, hardly an eighth of a mile away, and it was high time we were giving it sea room when the skipper bethought him of the ancient stratagem so often related in the accounts of pen-driving captains—of shooting the thing with the ship's cannon. Our most lively barker was the 38–40 Colt's.

Now no claim is here made that the mere concussion from a sizable revolver will disrupt even a small water spout. The experiment was made in fun rather than seriously, and what followed may well have been wholly coincidental. Yet the facts are these.

The air around us had become rather dead, the wind having fallen considerably with the approach of the cloud mass. At the first shot, the spout drew up abruptly and hung wavering half way up from the sea. The cloud lay very low and there seemed to be some reverberation from its underside which was now edging over us. With the second shot, the spout halved its length again, and upon the *last* we saw it disappear altogether. The three successive recessions of the spout had followed directly after each explosion. Yet the whole affair may have been merely fortuitous as the three remaining spouts — following on for a space — broke before coming near us. But their manner of disrupting was more leisurely than that of the first spout, and in less decisive stages. For the time we were intrigued and to this day, wherever he may be, the "conch" will swear that it was the skipper's hog Latin incantations, as he fired his Colt's, which had fully as much to do with the disappearance of the spout as the explosions themselves. Perhaps he is right.

Castle Island was now close aweather and, coming on the wind once more, we hauled away from the cloud and its cushion of slow air. The cheery keeper who no doubt had been watching our maneuvers through his spy glass, ran down with his boys to the very tip of the island and waved a wild greeting as we went reeling by.

We were making water a little more freely now, having to pump through the half of each watch, and although the wind held grandly we logged only 60 miles through the night. Morning found us off Turtle Cove in a slumping breeze and all that day, Thursday, we fanned along the remaining 40 miles of Lond Island with our sails not much more than asleep. That was the hardest work of all, to pinch the schooner along in the light air with no excitement to relieve the irksome monotony of wheel and pump. Should the trade fail us now and the leak make further gains, our case would indeed be desperate and our best chance would be to work in under one of the uninhabited Exuma Cays and ground the schooner in some sheltered bight where we might fetch all our gear and ballast ashore and guard it while the "conch" could make his way to Nassau in the dory and bring back a load of chewing gum. A grand tale, that would make, of stranding and living on a lone cay like the Swiss Family Robinson's while we slowly worked the gum into our seams under water.

But "de Laard" was still with us and toward evening we rounded Cape Saint Maria in half a gale. To ease the ship, we handed the fore and stays'ls and turned a reef in the main.

Even so, it was a wild run up the cays that night, with the wind hard on our quarter. Almost a gale it became, warm and damp, and to make out anything ahead was almost impossible for there was no moon and the sky was overcast. And we were traveling much faster than we knew. For as we edged in across the bight between the

(*Continued on page 76*)

Slushing Down the Royal Mast

How the Two Old Shipmates, Sam and Jack, Were Run Out of the Bark "Dreadmoore"

By Arthur Mason

THREE days before the bark *Dreadmoore* sailed for San Francisco two of her crew held a hurried conference in the rear end of a pub on Lime Street, Liverpool. They wore serious faces as they raised their pewter mugs of ale and clinked them together.

"Say, Sam," said Jack, "Gor blyme me, *you* marry her. She likes you Sam, she does. I knows it. I seed her with her eyes glued on you like a barnacle on a sunken ship, and I says to myself, Jack she ain't for you."

A wrinkled smile of pride wobbled across Sam's face. He parted the beard away from his mouth and raised the mug of ale, and as it gurgled down his eyes simmered with a new romance not of the sea. He drained the ale and set the mug down on the small table and sucked the stray foam between his teeth.

"She's a bit heavy around the bulwarks, Jack," he said, "but, mind you, I ain't saying she ain't a fine woman. She'd make any man 'appy."

"She'll make a 'ome for both of us, aye she will. At our time of life Sam, us has got to think about ourselves. We've been through a lot in our day, we have."

Sam wiped his beard with the sleeve of his pea jacket.

"I'll marry her, Jack, for the comfort of both of us, and we'll have a bit of a 'appy 'ome and a few chickens, hey, when we're ashore."

"Aye, and a few cabbages and the like. You know what I mean."

"Of course I does."

And they shook hands, as they had for over 30 years when important decisions had to be met. It was agreed that Sam should marry Nellie Hagen, supposed widow of a drowned sailor.

Now Nellie was no amateur in the ways of sailors. She knew them like they knew their ships, and she figured that she'd have the support of two men — at least for a while. Didn't she hear the panting of Jack when he brushed alongside her, and the eyes of him quiver as he stared at her? But Sam, she thought, was the better bargain. He'd last longer than Jack. He was thick chested and had stubby legs. There was a lot of work left in him yet. And she'd be drawing half pay while he plowed the ocean. As for Jack, she could handle him without compromise, for hadn't the two been pals for years, inseparate sailors?

The next day, in their suits of blue, and polished boots, they bashfully appeared at Nellie's house. She showed them into the little parlor and told them the preacher would be there any minute. Then she excused herself and left them standing with their caps in their hands, staring at the pictures on the wall, while their eyes raked familiar faces. Jack pointed to the photograph of a big blond sailor.

"That's Watery-eyed Nelson, Sam. You remember we wus shipmates with him on the old *Rucker*, the rat ship."

"Aye, I do." Sam's voice was low and weak.

"Look, Sam! Gor blyme me, if there ain't Liverpool Harry! What the bloody 'ell is 'e doing 'ere with 'is face in that picture? I don't understand."

Sam wheezed. The door opened and Nellie walked in with a meek little man.

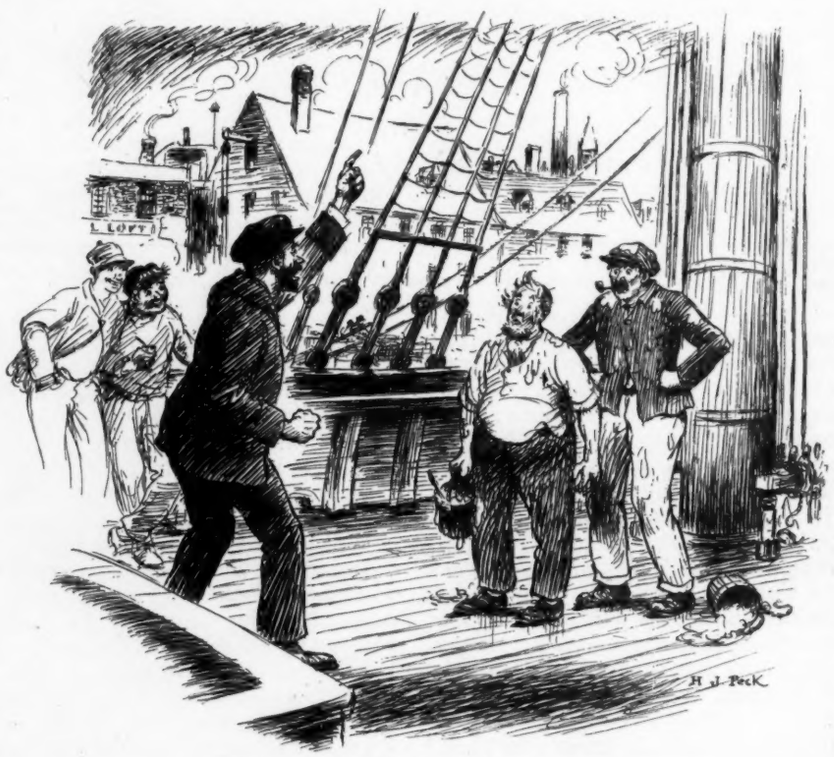
"This is the minister," she said, "come to marry us."

Sam's sea legs trembled under him. Jack whispered, "It's all right, Sam. It'll all be over in a minute."

Nellie acted as if she had been through many such experiences.

"This is the man," said she to the preacher, as she laid her hand on Sam. He looked at her. She was on the China scale side of forty, and fat from drinking Hogshead Ale. Sam's eyes stole over to the wall where the pictures hung.

"Well, take her hand," said the preacher, and Sam clinched it as he would a capstan bar. In less than a minute the knot was tied.



"Why in Hell didn't you finish the job?"

Two days later the bark *Dreadmoore* put to sea carrying two sailors that had left half pay to Nellie Hagen. It was noised around the ship that Sam was on his lone honeymoon, and the crew were tender and gentle with him. They lent him a last to sole his shoes and they furnished patches for his dungarees, for Sam had a home to keep now and he must be a saving sailor; babies would be coming, they told him, and Sam blushed a sunset hue. . . . All the way to Cape Horn Sam and Jack worked in their spare time making mats to decorate their home; not a cent would they spend in the slop-chest.

"What's the matter with those two men?" the Welsh captain asked the mate. "They don't even buy tobacco."

"They are saving, they are," said the mate. "I know their kind. They'll come to it later. They get hard headed

for the first two or three months. By the time we get to 'Frisco they'll loosen up."

But they didn't. Sam lost his sou'wester in a squall off the Horn, and he went without one for the rest of the voyage.

After four months the *Dreadmoore* arrived in San Francisco harbor. It was Saturday when they hauled the bark alongside the wharf to discharge the cargo, and in the evening the captain called the crew aft to give them a little advance money. But Jack and Sam stood pat in the forecastle. No, they didn't want any money.

"Go forward," said the captain to the mate, "and offer them five dollars apiece. I'll bet they'll grab it. Something has got to be done to break their spirit of saving."

"They won't be tempted, sir," said the mate, handing back the gold pieces. "They say they're making a home for themselves."

"Home be damned," snarled the captain. "Whoever heard of a sailor making a home!"

Ten days later the *Dreadmoore* was towed out into the bay and the anchor was dropped. The gossip of the forecastle had it that the bark was to await orders.

Then one day a letter came from the Liverpool owners saying that freights were low and that it would be two months before the wheat would start to move for the United Kingdom. The captain read on. "Pay the crew off *if you have to*, but remember, freights are going to be very low this season." The Welsh captain understood the underscored words perfectly, for had he not served his owners well since he had been master of the *Dreadmoore*? He put the letter away, folded his arms on the cabin table, and allowed his head to rest on them in order to think of the best way to get rid of the crew without having to pay them off. But he didn't remain in that position long. He called in the mate.

"Say," he said, "we've got to get rid of the crew, and it's up to you."

"Same old story?" asked the mate.

"Aye, it is. Low freights and a long wait."

"Well, I might as well get busy, sir, and run them out," and the mate rolled up his sleeves.

"Listen," said the captain, "give it to Jack and Sam first. They deserve it, misers that they are."

"I expect, sir, that they'll be a bit hard to move. It is rumored that one of them has a wife."

"It's that stubby one," and the captain rose to his feet with a loud yawn. "Anyway, give them the gaff, Mr. Clinker."

"Very well, sir." The mate went out on deck and called to the two old sailors. "Forward there!" In his tone there was a snap. "Lay aft, Jack and Sam!"

Both waddled towards the mate. The hair on the first officer's arms bristled with energy.

"What the bloody 'ell's come over 'im, Sam? There's something in the wind."

"Now," said the mate, "shin up there!" He pointed aloft. "One of you take the fore and the other the main, and slush down the royal masts."

"What?" said Jack. "This ain't the rule of the sea. There's younger men than us in the fo'castle. That ain't our job."

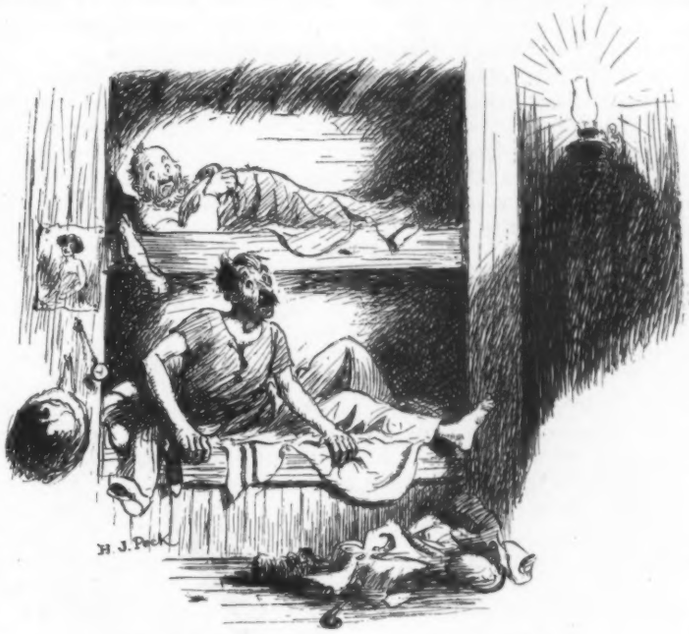
The captain stood looking through the cabin windows, his eyes on Jack and Sam. "You misers," he thought, "and me with a hundred guineas invested in the slop-chest. Not a thrupenny bit have either of you spent."

"Up there, with you," shouted the mate. "Don't stand there arguing with me or I'll hoist the police flag. Then you'll get what both of you deserve — three months in the lock-up for refusing duty."

"We'll do it," Sam replied. He was thinking of his Liverpool wife.

"What you say goes, Sam," was Jack's comment.

The mate handed them the slush — grease that had been skimmed off of salt horse. The smell of it would have driven a skunk to cover. Sam took the fore, Jack the main. To a man of the sea this is a ticklish job. Only young men are given such work, and limber creatures they must be, for a leg hold is all they have to hang to. When their hands become greasy they start to slip, and they usually slide down to the royal yard. Then to get up again is hell. That is what happened to Jack and Sam. They kept slipping and climbing until they wore themselves out. The mate and captain stood on the poop watching.



"'Say, Sam, ever hear that voice before?'"

"That will get them," the captain snorted. "They'll be away tonight. Mark what I tell you."

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon Jack and Sam slid down to the deck. A sight they were, and how they smelled! There was slush even in their eyebrows, and their dungarees were smothered in it.

"Why in 'ell didn't you finish the job?" shouted the mate. But he could see from their eyes that their minds were made up. They had had enough of the bark *Dreadmoore*.

"We did finish it," snapped Jack.

"You did, hey? Look at the holidays up there that you didn't touch at all. Up you go, both of you, and do the job like sailormen."

"I ain't going up," said Jack. "Are you, Sam?"

"No, I ain't."

"You refuse duty then?" demanded the mate.

"Aye, we do."

"Then you're under arrest. The police boat will be off in the morning."

"Let her come," said Jack.

"Aye, let her come," and Sam walked away to the carpenter to borrow some coal oil to cut the grease from his bearded face.

"You're right, captain," Mr. Clinker said. "Jack and Sam will be leavin' tonight."

"See that they don't take their clothes with them when they go," said the captain. "We've got to get something out of them."

"Aye, sir."

At 6 o'clock, Jack and Sam, dressed in their go-ashore clothes, walked aft to the captain.

"We'll take that five dollars apiece now, sir," Jack was the spokesman.

"Oh, you will, hey? Well, I've changed my mind about giving an advance to any one on board. I offered it to you once, and you refused it. What in the world do you two men want money for anyway? You're laying in the stream. You can't spend money out here. What's the matter with you fellows, anyway? Aren't you happy?"

"We ain't, sir," said Sam. "We ain't treated like sailors."

"Sailors you call yourselves? And you can't grease down a royal mast! Go for'ard with you now. You've brought trouble enough on yourselves for refusing duty. The police boat is coming in the morning."

They walked slowly forward with their eyes cast longingly on the wharfs of San Francisco.

An hour later a boat from the shore that had been alongside started to return and Jack and Sam lost no time starting down the gangplank with their bags on their backs.

"None of that!" yelled the mate. "You've signed to be paid off in the United Kingdom, and that holds good as long as I'm mate of this ship. Go ashore if you want to, but your bags stay on board."

So Jack and Sam boarded the boat empty handed and were rowed ashore. The boatman asked no money for his services, a fact that caused them some wonder, but they dismissed all speculations as they hunted around for a sailor's boarding house. But shipping was bad, and boarding house masters didn't want sailors hanging around eating them out of house and home. That wasn't the way the crimps worked. Quick money and dirty money was their way of doing business.

"Come around in a couple of months," a cockeyed crimp told them, "and I'll be sure to have a ship for you. In fact, I can get you about anything you want in the way of a ship then."

"We've made a mistake. We should have stayed on the *Dreadmoore*," said Sam, disconsolately.

"Not by a damned sight, Sam. There ain't no Welsh captain can tell me my business. Us has left better'n her before, aye we have."

"I was thinking of the wife, Jack. What will she be guessing?"

"Let her guess, Sam. We're sailors, we are, and good ones too. She'll know that before long."

"I'm thinking she will," said Sam. "When her four pounds stop she won't believe we're self-respecting; us leaving the *Dreadmoore* with five months' pay behind us."

"We'll write her," said Jack, "and tell her what has happened, and have her send us a couple of quid till us gits on our feet again. Come on, Sam, don't stand there with your eyes on the gutter."

"Where will we go?"

"Around to the sailor's home where a man will get things to write with."

Jack, being more wordy than Sam, took hold of the pen, and explained to Nellie just what had happened and how their intelligence was insulted by slush and a Welsh captain. "Sam ain't to blame," he wrote, "he's a sailor for 30 years and I knows it. Sam's a good 'usband and a steady one. You didn't make no mistake tying on to him—"

"Ask her now for the money," said Sam.

"Aye."

"—and I say, Nellie, send Sam about two pounds. He'll need it before we sign on a different ship. The wages out of this port is twice what it is out of Liverpool. Think of that, Nellie, and us coming home with our pockets full of money."

"That ought to bring it," said Sam.

"O'course it will. You remember that letter I wrote to the British Consul? Where was it, Sam, in China? Well, it got us out of jail, didn't it?"

"Aye, it did, and no mistake."

Jack closed the letter with Sam's love, licked it shut, and together they mailed it. But meanwhile something had to be done. They couldn't wait to hear from Nellie on empty stomachs. They were both broke, and once again they went into conference. This time they decided they would take to the country and find work of some kind until shipping picked up. They were told there was hop picking going on in the Sacramento Valley, so they started on a 90-mile walk. Hiking wasn't new to Jack and Sam. Many a town through South America and Australia bore their foot prints. If they didn't like a ship they left her, either with or without baggage. Five hundred miles, north, south, east or west, was nothing in their rolling careers, if only they found a ship that suited them —which, unfortunately, they never did.

However, they had one thing in their favor; they were always optimistic.

But this marrying business was new to them, and they did not quite know how to cope with it. So far, Sam's wife was ahead of the game with eight pounds — five months' half pay to the good. Now they were both broke and on the tramp.

"She'll understand, you think, Jack?"

"Of course she will. She's a sensible woman; but as I says, you and I ain't been very successful with them — not in the past, Sam."

"No, that we ain't. You remember that red-headed woman in Sidney?"

Jack stopped short in the middle of the country road and his eyes blazed. "Sam, don't mention her name."

"I won't," said Sam, and they jogged on.

Five days later they were picking hops under the blazing sun of the Sacramento Valley. For two months they stuck to the job with grim determination, cooking their own food with the same thriftiness as when they were saving their earnings on the *Dreadmoore*.

"Ain't it strange," remarked Sam, at last, one day, "that we don't hear from Nellie?"

"Aye it is; but say, Sam, we didn't tell her we were coming here. There must be a letter from her now in the Sailors' Home in San Francisco."

"That's so. The money must be there," said Sam. "Come on, Jack. We've had enough of this. We're sailors, we are."

This time they took the train to 'Frisco and in brand new dungarees they invaded the Bay City. They made at once for the Sailors' Home, and there, sure enough, was a letter from Nellie.

Jack read it to himself first, and it took him a long time. Sam grew impatient. "Read it, Jack! Can't you read it, man!"

"You want to hear it, shipmate?"

"Aye, course I does."

"Well, Sam, Gor blyme me, we've been bilked again. I knew from the first she wus no lydy. I didn't tell you, Sam. I knowed how you loved her. She says here, damn her, that when our money stopped, Watery-eyed Nelson came home — you know him, the blond sailor —"

"Read on —" Sam rumbled.

"Well, she tuck him, so she did. She says your marriage to her wus no good anyway."

"Oh, it wusn't, hey? Read no more of that letter to me, Jack. Blast her, anyway. Come on, let's have a bawl of good Scotch whiskey."

(*Continued on page 78*)

Three Little "R" Boats

How These Small Racers Went Through on the Port Huron-Mackinac Race in Weather That Tried the Larger Craft

By Dr. C. G. Jennings

THE course of the Detroit to Mackinac Race of 1925, 261 miles long, lay along the western shore of Lake Huron. This shore, starting due north, gently turns westward, ending in a northwesterly direction at the Straits of Mackinac. Geographically, this can be divided into thirds; the lower portion being from Port Huron to Pointe Aux Barques, the upper portion extending from Thunder Bay Island to the Straits, the middle portion consists of a westward depression from 15 to 20 miles deep. At the southern part of this depression there lies the large arm of water extending to the southwest, named Saginaw Bay. While the water between Pointe Aux Barques and Thunder Bay Island is not strictly a part of the Bay, it is generally called Saginaw Bay in Great Lakes phraseology.

The start of the race was at Port Huron, just above the head of the St. Clair River, Saturday, July 25th.

The cruiser classes of the race brought out one splendid, modern little cruising sloop, two modern schooners, both shoal draft and beamy, one ketch of transatlantic fame, and five yawls. This latter group contained one representative of each type of sailing yacht developed during the last 30 years. All of these boats were between 45 and 50 feet long except the little sloop, which was 32 feet. Besides the cruisers were three little "R" boats. They were *Neahga*, *Bernida*, and *Rascal*.

Neagha was built in 1912, of short waterline and long overhang. *Bernida* (formerly *Ruweida II*) was of longer length on the line, but of shorter length overall. *Rascal* (formerly *Lascar*) had been built as a bilgeboard and double rudder affair. She was short and broad. Her former owner had removed the bilgeboards, but still she was a nasty little beast. Her second owner took out the double rudders which completely cured her bad disposition.

Of the crews of the three little "R" boats, all had experienced more than their due share of boat handling.

The day of the start was "unsettled." The Weather Bureau map showed a slight low with showers over lower Michigan, due on Huron by evening. Behind it was a nice clear "high," and no severe winds were reported. As the boats jockied for the start the southerly air diminished and a heavy rain cloud made up.

The three little "R's" went away at 4.00 P.M., 20 minutes ahead of the cruisers. They caught the last of the dying wind and were well on their way when the rain cloud let go and brought a calm for the big fellows. After a few hours of drifting, a freshening air came in from the southeast. This backed in a little to east and, at the same time, there was an occasional northeast swell. Now, the three little "R's" began to go, so that by midnight they had covered over 45 miles of the trip. But of more value than the miles was the position they had gained, for their course, instead of north, had become north-northwest. If a northeaster should come down, it would do no more than make them flatten sheets. And that's what, one half hour later, happened. *Bernida* and *Neahga* carried full sail. *Rascal*, of shoal draft, reefed and was faster for it. They did travel, and I don't mean maybe.

And that, as far as the three little "R's" was concerned, ended the cruiser fleet. They had, through bad luck, lost the wind at the start, which delayed them considerably, and when it began to blow they got it north, instead of northeast, and a hard head wind on the Lakes is not sport for a cruiser. It resembles a tide rip. The "R's" could ride the seas, throwing a little water at times, but always going. The cruisers would skyrocket off one only to fall crack on top of the next. Or if they did make the trough instead of the crest, they had to scramble up for air again so hurriedly that they completely forgot to go ahead. So, when morning came, the cruisers were still hammering along miles below Pointe Aux Barques while the three little "R's" were well on their way across the Bay. All except one cruiser, *Charlyn*, a semiracing type yawl, which all that night and the next day hung on close behind the three leaders, and must for the time being be included with them.

The following day, Sunday, was clear and the northerly air moderated, followed by a calm in the evening. The four leading boats picked up a light offshore air during the night which carried them another 40 miles and was apparently little felt by the cruisers, at this time 70 miles to the south.

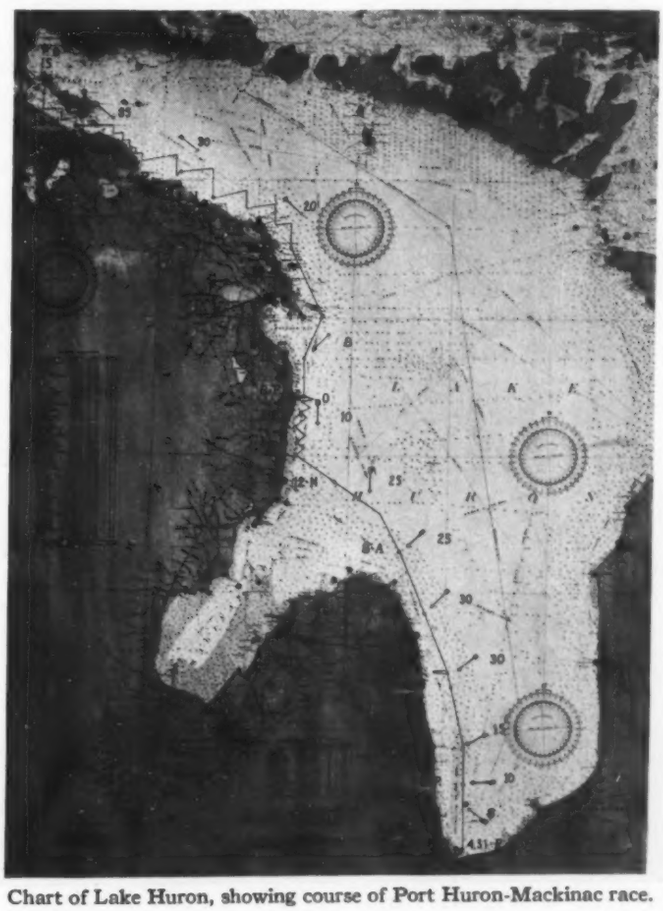


Chart of Lake Huron, showing course of Port Huron-Mackinac race.

Neahga, sailed by William Sisson, owned by E. L. Kurtzwarth. Left, ***Bernida***, the winner, owned and sailed by Russell Pouliot. Right, ***Rascal***, a centreboard "R" owned by Com. A. F. Jennings.

Despite the fact that the weather was clear and warm that night the barometer, instead of rising, fell one-tenth of an inch and was now moderately low. This foretold trouble, and by 9 o'clock Monday morning, it came out of the northwest, dead ahead, and with 70 miles of open water behind it. At first there was rain, but the wind steadily increased until by noon it was a full summer gale. This was the real test. Again they rode it easily, but there was plenty of water, on the decks and down the companion and in your cap and down your neck and up your arms and legs. In the afternoon *Bernida* and *Rascal* reefed, but *Neahga* did not. Early in the breeze *Charlyn* hung on until the wind blew everything out. Fifty miles dead to windward was made by the three little "R" boats at a rate of four miles per hour or better. *Bernida* finished in 51 hours, *Neahga* in 55 hours, and *Rascal* in 61½ hours. As a matter of fact, the "R's" did not fare as badly as was predicted. The seas were no harder to them than to the big boats, they were apparently no wetter, and they had as much food as the cruisers, which wasn't much.

The Three West Hampton One-Design Classes

By HARRY GROWTAGE

ONLY a very few years ago the West Hampton waters, known on the chart as Moriches Bay, Long Island, with the villages of Moriches at the west end and West Hampton at the east end, had nothing but the South Bay catboats sailing on them. To own and sail a Gil Smith catboat in the races there was the earnest desire of all the boys.

But many of these boats became worn out as the years went by. Some were sold out of the Bay, others became motor boats. The war came along and sailing was on the wane. Gil Smith had to ask more for his boats — more than the young generation could afford — so the yacht club officials decided to start a small class of sloops for the youngsters and arrangements were made with Benjamin Hallock, of Center Moriches, by Mr. Foster Crampton, Chairman of the Committee, to build 12 of these small sloops. They were all sold that winter of 1913. The class was known as the S. S. sloops.

Left, Class M, Marconi rigged. Center, Shore Bird Class. Right, S. S. 16-foot Class.

Competition in this class has been very keen. The boats are only 16 feet overall but they are an able, seaworthy little craft. Championships have been won in this class by many

(*Continued on page 76*)

The North American Yacht Racing Union

New Organization Aims to Bring Together the Yachting Interests of This Continent

THE organization of the North American Yacht Racing Union, announced in December YACHTING, is now practically complete. A constitution has been drawn and adopted, committees appointed, and work of various kinds is well under way.

Below are printed excerpts from the Constitution, which serve to show how and for what purposes the Union is organized.

Article 1. NAME. The name of this organization shall be The North American Yacht Racing Union.

Article 2. MEMBERSHIP. Its membership shall consist of:

(a) The following exisiting organizations of yacht clubs, namely:

Barnegat Bay Yacht Racing Association,
Chesapeake Bay Yacht Racing Association,
Gravesend Bay Yacht Racing Association,
Great South Bay Yacht Racing Association,
Gulf Yachting Association,
Inland Lake Yachting Association,
Inter-Lake Yachting Association,
Lake Michigan Yachting Association,
Lake Yacht Racing Association,
Massachusetts Bay Yacht Racing Union,
Narragansett Bay Racing Fleet,
Pacific Inter-Club Yachting Association,
Pacific International Yachting Association,
Southern California Yachting Association,
Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound,

And the Marblehead, Philadelphia, St. Lawrence River, Maritime Provinces and Hawaiian Islands Districts, and such other associations of yacht clubs and districts as may be admitted by the Executive Committee.

(b) Individual members, who shall be members of recognized yacht clubs and who shall have the privilege of attending all general meetings of the Union, shall be eligible to hold office, and who shall receive the year book and other publications of the Union, and shall be entitled to such insignia as the Union shall adopt.

(c) Sustaining members, who shall be members of recognized yacht clubs and who shall have all the privileges accorded to individual members.

Article 4. OFFICERS. Section 1. The officers of the Union shall consist of a President, Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer.

Section 2. The officers above named, together with three members to be elected at the annual meeting, shall constitute the Executive Committee.

Article 6. REPRESENTATION. Section 1. Each association and district belonging to the Union shall be entitled to be represented by delegates, one of whom shall be designated to cast its vote at meetings of the Union. His authority to act in case it is challenged must be in writing and certified to by the Secretary or other proper officer of the association represented. Delegates shall be chosen, as far as may be practicable, from the active yachtsmen of the associations and districts which they represent.

Article 8. DUES. The expenses of the Union shall be apportioned equally among the associations and districts, members of the Union, and each association and district organization shall pay an annual sum not to exceed $100.00.

Section 2. Individual members shall pay an annual sum of $5.00.

Section 3. Sustaining members shall pay an annual sum of $25.00.

Article 11. APPEALS. Section 1. Appeals involving solely the interpretation of the racing rules, may be taken to the Executive Committee of the Union from the decision of the race committee of any club which is a member of an association or district belonging to the Union, provided

1. If there is an association of which such club is a member, it may be taken only with the consent of such association given by its proper officers.

2. If there is no such local association it may be taken only with the consent of the committee whose decision is appealed from.

Section 2. Appeals involving solely the interpretation of the racing rules may be taken by the race committee of any club which is a member of an association belonging to the Union, where the decision of such race committee has been reversed by the association of which such club is a member, but such appeal shall be taken only with the consent of the body appealed from.

Section 3. The appeals above provided for shall be taken in accordance with regulations to be adopted by the Executive Committee and published in the year book of the Union.

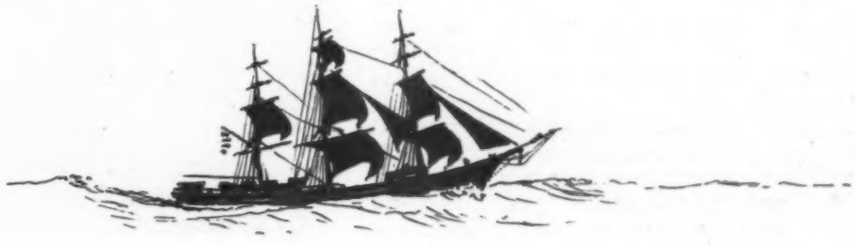
The following are the officers and committees: President, Clifford D. Mallory; Vice President, George H. Gooderham; Treasurer, Fred D. Porter; Secretary, Donald H. Cowl; Recorder, W. P. Stephens.

Executive Committee (in addition to the officers): Ernest Lee Jahncke, Benjamin P. Weston, Joseph V. Santry.

Committee on Racing Rules: C. Sherman Hoyt, Chairman; W. P. Barrows, Samuel Dauchy, Johnston DeForest, Frank C. Paine, Benjamin P. Weston.

Committee on Measurement: W. A. W. Stewart, Chairman; Clinton H. Crane, Francis H. Early, Robert W. Emmons, 2nd, George H. Gooderham, Philip R. Mallory.

The President has been authorized to rent an office as headquarters of the Union, either with or without cotenants whose purposes are for the benefit of sail yachting, and was also authorized to engage a paid Secretary for the Union.



Alice and Her Sister Ship, *Carib II*

Part III — The Power Plant and Seagoing Equipment of "Alice"

By HENRY HOWARD

MY first specification for a power plant for offshore cruising was a heavy oil engine and entire absence of gasolene on board. This was principally in the interest of safety. The hazard of gasolene is tremendously increased on a small boat doing offshore work, first, because in bad weather everything must be closed down tight, making good ventilation very difficult. Second, because with the violent motion of a small boat in really rough weather the danger of leaks in tanks and piping is enormously increased.

This subject seems to be more or less taboo, but I am

***Alice*, in a light fair wind.**

sure there are many who have been made uncomfortable, if not actually sick, by gasolene fumes under the conditions outlined above and perhaps have been afraid to light a fire when the boat was battened down in rough weather. Lately, a friend of mine who is a deep-water yachtsman of long experience, sailed in the ocean race from Larchmont to Gloucester on one of the best new boats in the race. He told me that the gasolene fumes in the cabin were strong enough to be exceedingly disagreeable. This race was not sailed in a storm and presumably it was at no time necessary to close up the boat tightly, otherwise a very dangerous condition might have been created.

Of course such a condition ought never to occur and it is possible by careful installation and careful operation to reduce the danger to a point where it is almost negligible. However, the most careful installation will not insure safety with careless operation. How much better, therefore, for offshore work, to use the non-volatile Diesel engine oil. With this, even careless operation does not involve an explosion hazard.

As it may be argued that my experience with gasolene engines does not qualify me to speak as an expert, I would simply say that I am a chemical engineer of long experience. I have designed and patented a type of gasolene burner which was used for many years on steam automobiles. I have built and operated a large plant for refining benzol, a material which has frequently been used in engines as a substitute for gasolene. I have made careful studies, in coöperation with insurance experts, to provide safety appliances to minimize the danger in the manufacture and handling of volatile hydrocarbons, and it was because of my intimate knowledge of the hazards involved that I steered clear of any gasolene on a boat to be used by me for offshore work. The risks are, of course, enormously decreased in the ordinary yacht in comparatively smooth water where good ventilation is nearly always possible. For this reason, while I have always been willing to go to sea in a small, well found boat, I have omitted a power plant until small heavy oil engines were available.

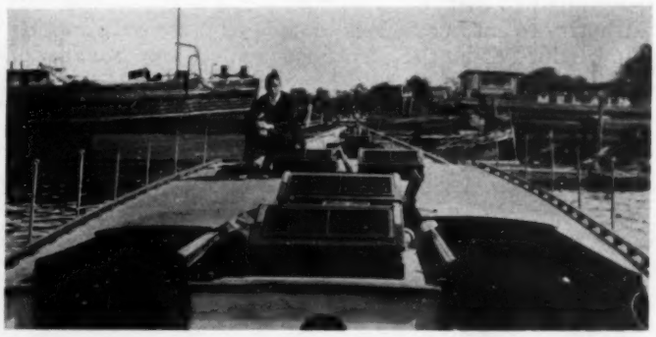
In 1921 when I began to seriously study the question, so far as I could find, the American makers of heavy oil engines made nothing as small as 15 brake horse power, which was what I required, with the single exception of the one used by Nutting on the *Typhoon*. I had heard rumors, however, of small reliable heavy oil engines being used by Scandinavian fishing boats. I, therefore, asked the Machinery Division of Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce of the Department of Commerce, Washington, D. C., to investigate the question, and in a few months received through them catalogues and prices from manufacturers in Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Germany and England. A further investigation in Copenhagen developed the fact that most of the Danish fishing fleet at that time was equipped with the Swedish Bolinder engine built in Stockholm. Further investigation showed that the Bolinder Company had been making small heavy oil engines in sizes from 7 h. p. up for the past 25 years and that they had a branch office in New York with a large stock of spare parts and were prepared to supervise the installation.

The above facts led me to buy a Bolinder.

I am much pleased to note in the last year or two an increasing number of advertisements of American manufacturers of heavy oil engines and hope that in a few years we may have a good line of American heavy oil engines in sizes from 5 to 20 h.p. In the larger sizes there have, of course, been excellent heavy oil engines of American manufacture for a number of years, but these fill an entirely different field.

The next question was to decide on the size and type of engine.

The following table was very kindly calculated for me by Mr. W. Starling Burgess from the lines of the boat. It is based on operation in smooth deep water with no wind.



Engine room entrance on port, cabin companionway to starboard.

Reversible propeller with blades turned in neutral position.

Reversible propeller with blades turned fore and aft for sailing.

Speed in knots	*Brake Horse Power Estimated*
4	3.7
5	6.0
6	10.5
6.65	15.0
7	19.8
8	45.4

Mr. Burgess thought that under ordinary conditions 15 b.h.p. would give about 6 knots. This calculation was made on the basis of a draft of 3′ 6″, as shown by the lines. Our actual sailing draft, however, is 4′ 0″, when fully loaded with 25 gallons of kerosene, 300 pounds of ice, 287 gallons of water, 300 gallons of Diesel engine oil, 25 gallons of lubricating oil, 2 dinghies, 1 month's food supply and the miscellaneous dunnage brought on board by two ladies and four men. But even under these conditions we were able to average a full 6 knots without sails under favorable conditions; that is, in smooth, deep water with no wind.

Reference to the table will show that beyond 6½ knots the power for this size boat increases very rapidly for a small increase in speed and the cruising radius on a tank full of oil is much reduced. In other words, for a cruising boat with auxiliary power in which the sails are intended to be the principal means of propulsion, 15 b.h.p. is about right.

Henry Howard on the *Alice*.

I next chose a single-cylinder engine for two reasons — first, as I intended to be my own engineer, it would be simpler to keep in order and to overhaul if necessary. It should be remembered that the boat is designed for long cruises, with long periods out of reach of repair shops or competent mechanics. Second, the single-cylinder engine took up considerably less room fore and aft and the room thus saved could be added to my cabin accommodations.

The builders of *Alice*. Right to left, John Brown, Will Brown, George Brown and Merritt Demarest.

The reversible propeller as made by the Bolinder Company is a very rugged affair and is generally used by the Scandinavian fishing boats. It is controlled by a hand wheel on deck by means of which the pitch of the blades can be regulated anywhere from full speed ahead to full speed astern. This seemed to me to have a number of advantages which made it particularly well suited to my wants.

1. In entering uncharted harbors I could proceed very slowly by setting the blades in nearly a neutral position, at the same time my engine would be running at normal speed controlled by the governor. This feature proved most satisfactory in our explorations around the Bahama Cays.

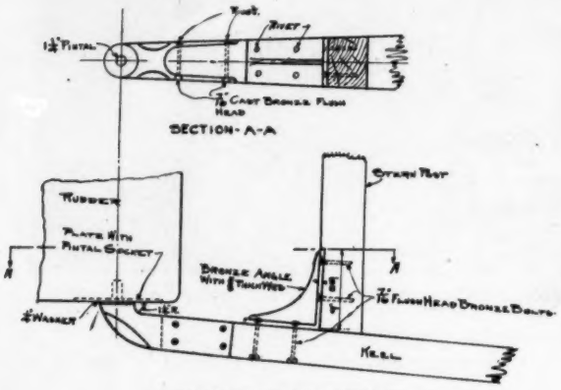
2. When used in connection with sails the pitch could be increased to give the normal number of revolutions while at the same time the engine was developing its full power.

3. When going against a heavy head wind as, for instance, in leaving Hope Town, Bahama Islands, in a strong norther, the channel was too narrow to use sails and the head wind was so strong as to slow us down to about 2 knots. With an ordinary propeller this would have also slowed our engine down thereby seriously reducing its power. By reducing the pitch of the propeller blades, I was able to temporarily increase the revolution to about 10 per cent over the normal, which was safe to do for a short period, and thus ran the engine at above its rated capacity when we needed it badly. As soon as we were in open water we got sails on her and increased the pitch of the blades sufficiently to bring the revolution down to normal. To give actual figures, the diameter of the propeller is 30 inches, normal revolution 450, increased rate referred to, 490 to 500 R.P.M. The velocity of wind was about 35 miles per hour.

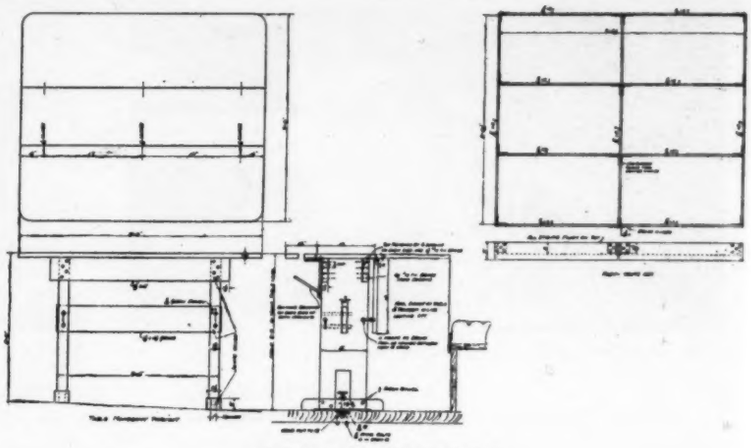
My experience with the Bolinder propeller has been 100 per cent to date, and I would not change it for anything I have ever seen. The following, taken from an August, 1924, issue of the *Yachting World* (English) seems to bear me out in this opinion:

"Reversible or 'feathering' propellers formerly had a bad reputation. The mechanism actuating the blades used to get out of order, and the propeller itself could not be made as efficient as one with fixed blades to which a theoretically perfect pitch can be given. For many years the Scandinavians have been using two-bladed variable propellers which are absolutely reliable and most efficient for auxiliary work.

"The Hein is on much the same lines as all other Scandinavian propellers. The control obtained was perfect, and during two years in which the propeller was in use no adjustment of any kind was needed or appeared likely to be wanted. The characteristics of the Scandinavian type of propeller are its immense solidity throughout. The Hein,



Details of rudder hanging.



Drawing 25. Table details.

for instance, was guaranteed to withstand use in ice, as far as the internal mechanism was concerned. If the shock was great enough it was designed so that the blade should break off at the root, outside the boss, and when coupled to any but a Scandinavian heavy-oil engine probably the crank-shaft would have given out before the blade. In the case of a blade breaking it could be replaced in five minutes, when the ship was on the beach, by removing two nuts which attached the after part of the propeller to the forepart. The blade then slid out, the new one was put in, and the boss bolted together again. The feathering movement is obtained by a fore and aft movement of the whole shaft, which is solid, and has on its after end two bosses which engage with slots in the base of the two blades. The shaft movement is obtained by a screw gear actuated by a chain and sprocket wheel. The thrust block is external, bolted on to the after face of the sternpost. This proved a most satisfactory arrangement, for in addition to the supply of grease from a high pressure grease cup, the thrust was cooled by a constant stream of water. In Danish waters there is often a great deal of sand, and the plunger in the grease cup could be screwed down with such force that the grease oozed out through the thrust as soon as the shaft was revolving, and prevented any possibility of sand finding its way in."

One objection I have heard to a heavy oil engine is that it is apt to emit large volumes of dense, bad smelling smoke. This has not been my experience; in fact, our exhaust is as clear as that of an automobile except for a little steam that shows in cool weather; but unless oversupplied with oil, something that need never occur, it is absolutely smokeless and has no more odor than a properly operating gasoline engine.

Besides the matter of safety, the economy of this type of engine is remarkable. The quality of oil preferred is Diesel engine oil having a gravity of 28 to 34 degrees Beaumé and selling in New York and Norfolk for 8 cents a gallon at retail, delivered in the tanks of the boat. At Miami the price was 10 cents per gallon. In large quantities I understood that this oil is sold for 5 cents per gallon at the oil refinery.

Between New York and Miami we used 264 gallons, or $21.12 worth at the New York price, plus about $5.00 worth of lubricating oil. As we went by the inland water route our sails were of very little use, and as we were in a hurry we used the engine for the entire distance.

Perhaps more important than the saving in cost is the great cruising radius that results from this economy. When running the engine at full load we regularly used 11 gallons in 10 hours, or 1.1 gallons per hour. If we conservatively take 5.5 knots as an average speed this gives 5 miles per gallon, or 1,500 nautical miles for one filling of the tanks. From Perth Amboy, N. J., our starting point, to Miami, is 1,319 nautical miles the way we went, that is, straight from Beaufort Entrance outside to Charleston, S. C. In addition, we had our trial trip in New York Bay and adjusting the compass, about 16 miles, and side trips in Chesapeake Bay, 50 miles, or a total of 1,385 nautical miles. The oil actually used, 264 gallons, equalled 5.23 miles per gallon at 1.1 gallon per hour = $1.1 \times 5.23 = 5.75$ knots average speed.

We left Perth Amboy on October 21st and arrived at Miami November 22nd. During this period we lay over for sightseeing six full days and seven half days, or a total of nine and one-half days not moving, leaving twenty-two and one-half days during which we were under way. Add to this three nights when we were outside under way we have the equivalent of twenty-five and one-half days' running, or an average of 54.3 miles per day. Except for the outside runs we did not sail before daylight or after dark.

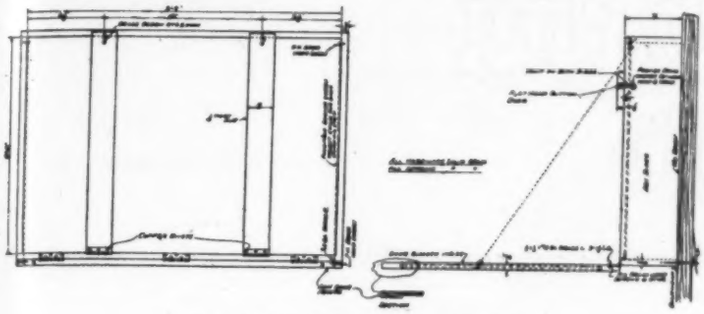
Horse power of Engine. It is easy to talk about having a certain number of horse power in your engine. Generally you accept the manufacturer's rating as given in his catalogue and after the engine is installed there is no easy way of making an accurate test. My engine was guaranteed to give 15 brake horse power at 450 revolutions per minute and, as I wanted to know what it could really do, I arranged to have my representative present at the block test which is given each engine at the factory in Stockholm.

I again went to my friends in the Department of Commerce for advice, and was informed by them that there is an organization known as the Bureau Veritas which is world wide in extent. Its business is to supervise tests of engines, boilers, machinery construction of hulls of vessels, etc.

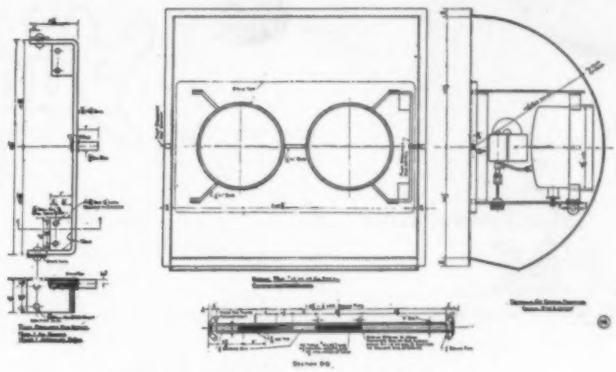
I found that the American office was at 10 State Street, New York, and as they also had an office and a resident engineer in Stockholm, the making of my test was a simple and inexpensive matter. Although the job was a very small one for them, their work was most painstaking and satisfactory. A copy of the data sheet they submitted and which I received before making my first payment on the engine appears at the end of this article.

For the benefit of anyone building a sail or power yacht in any foreign country, I can most strongly recommend the Bureau Veritas to safeguard the owner's interest. In making foreign contracts, it would be well to specify that payments would only be made on approval of Bureau Veritas, who will certify if the progress and quality of the work has been in accordance with the contract and specifications.

Engine Room: A good deal of study was given to this detail and while it is necessarily restricted, it has proved very satisfactory. It is entered by a special companion slide at the after end of the raised deck on the port side. There is no entrance from the cabin, as it was desired to keep out of the cabin all odors of oil and every trace of dirt which might come from the engine or those working around it. A 24″ x 24″ skylight is provided directly over



Drawing 23. Details of chart locker.



Drawing 14. Stove hung in gimbals.

the cylinder so that when it is desired to remove the piston or cylinder a purchase from the mizzenmast head may be conveniently used to hoist it out. The engine room has good head room and a substantial work bench is provided on the port side with heavy machinist's vice and anvil and three large drawers and a cupboard underneath for tools, of which I have a very complete supply — carpenter's, machinist's, pipe fitter's and plumber's, all of which I am fortunately able to use personally with sufficient skill for any repairs that do not require machine tools. This little work shop has been most satisfactory and added much to our pleasure and independence.

The Cabin Layout

A great deal of study was naturally given to this important subject. (See plan in November issue.) The raised deck lends itself to many good cabin arrangements because it gives head room the full width of the boat and makes possible so much light and air. In the break of the raised deck, or what you might call the forward end of the house, are six 6-inch glass air ports; three of these are in the owner's stateroom and three in the galley. The stateroom, which is 12 feet long, has in addition three 8-inch ports on the starboard side and one 24″ x 24″ skylight giving an ideal amount of light and air. All of the ports are provided with metal covers for use in case the glass is broken. The stateroom has a wide double berth arranged at such a height that when I sit up my eyes come to the center of a port hole, thus enabling me to take a quick glance outside when I am in my berth without going on deck. A large bureau, alcove closet, with pole for coat hangers, gives splendid room for clothing, and a full length plate glass mirror opposite bureau, numerous small lockers over centerboard casing make it very convenient for my wife.

The main cabin or saloon is forward of the engine room bulkhead and aft of the centerboard casing. Its size is about 8′ x 12′. It is lighted and ventilated by five 8-inch air ports and one 3′ x 3′ skylight besides the companion way. It is heated by a tile stove in which either wood or Franklin coal may be burned.

This stove is the greatest comfort imaginable in cold or damp weather. Why more boats do not use them is hard to explain. Thirty-odd years ago they were introduced here by Edward Burgess, of America's Cup Defender fame, and for about ten years were quite generally used, but apparently many of the younger yachtsmen have never seen or heard of them. In a driving northeast summer rainstorm or heavy fog on the New England Coast, it is rather gloomy to be shut up in a small cabin with everything more or less damp and sticky. The effect of a nice open fire in your tile stove is almost unbelievable in the cheerfulness and comfort that results. After a good deal of trouble I discovered that the original patterns developed by Burgess are now in the possession of the Murdock Damper & Bronze Company, 127 Federal Street, Boston, Mass., who will make to order either of two sizes desired, using tile to match the color scheme of the cabin.

The stove pipe is an important detail and as it is very likely to be used for holding on to in rough weather, it should be not only very strong but of double thickness to prevent burning the hands. The outside is made of brass, the inside of copper, with ¼ inch of asbestos between. Iron was not used for the inside pipe as it will rust out so quickly (for details see drawing No. 29).

The cabin has a folding berth on the port side and three book shelves in the corresponding space on the starboard side.

As a general comment on this cabin layout, it will be apparent that no attempt was made to provide for "sleeping the maximum number of people on board." It would have been possible to work in another folding berth in place of the book shelves, and possibly another stateroom.

I think any experienced yachtsman will agree with me that we are not often embarrassed by lack of sleeping accommodations on our boats. The difficulty is to find congenial friends with the time and inclination to go cruising with us. The layout was made with these facts in mind, primarily for my wife and myself, with the possibility of taking two or, on a pinch, three guests with us. And with comfortable quarters for two men in the forecastle.

Cabin Table: A lot of study was given to this detail. At first I planned to use a swinging table but later abandoned this on Fred Lawley's advice because my boat would not heel very much in average breezes. I therefore designed a rigid table with folding leaves, along the lines he recommended, details of which will be found in drawing No. 25. With a rigid table, racks are of course a necessity and the design of a folding rack, shown on the same drawing, has proved most satisfactory. The rack consists of an outer frame of strips three inches wide and the inner strips two inches wide resting on the table. The table cloth is first spread over the bare table and then the rack simply opened up and laid on the table, the three-inch strips extending one inch down all around the edge of the table. Of course, sufficient clearance is allowed for the table cloth around the edges.

The table is held in place rigidly by two substantial thumb screws and screw plates bolted to the floor beams, so it is only a moment's work to detach it when sweeping the cabin floor. Four cast brass swing brackets are provided to hold the leaves opened when desired. All the hardware for the table may be obtained from Geo. Lawley & Son Corporation, Neponset, Mass.

Chart Locker: The main thing in storage of charts is,

(*Continued on page 98*)

Yachting

Herbert L. Stone, Editor

Samuel Wetherill, Associate Editor

Editorial

That Mackinac Race Protest

OUT in Chicago the windjamming sailors have been all "het up" ever since the sailing of this year's famous Mackinac race, one of the foremost long-distance events of this country, over the disqualification of four of the eight yachts that survived the hard drubbing received on the 330-mile drive in a gale of wind. Coming on top of protests and disqualifications in other races over this course in recent years, one is led to believe that the future of this fine event is in danger if the fresh water sailors don't keep their weather eyes peeled.

It appears that the winner, the Class Q yacht *Virginia*, was thrown out by the race committee because she went into a harbor on the way north to reef, and while doing so tied up at a dock instead of lying to her hook, as the racing rules require. Two other racers were disqualified for the same reason and one, the *Intrepid*, was ruled out for covering her running lights for a half hour one night when in the vicinity of some of her competitors. The disqualifications were only made some weeks after the race was finished, and not on direct protest, but as the result of talk that had been flying around. The skippers of the yachts thrown out did not try to conceal the fact that they had gone into harbor to reef, and evidently overlooked the rule which forbids a yacht in a race to tie up to a pier, dock or buoy during a race. It had been done in previous Mackinac Races without resulting in disqualifications.

Then the owners of the four boats appealed the decision of the Regatta Committee to the Lake Michigan Yachting Association, and that body reversed the Regatta Committee and reinstated the four yachts, on the grounds that the matter was not brought to the attention of the Committee within the required time, viz, 6 P.M. of the day following the conclusion of the race.

Without going into the merits of the decisions, it seems, to an outsider, that the whole case has been very badly handled. Coming on top of the protest of 1923, when the winner was disqualified because of failure to furnish a new measurement certificate, and the wrangle of 1924, and with the pressure brought to bear to keep the small Universal Rule boats out of this race, where they have been taking most of the prizes recently, one can foresee that this great event will soon come into disrepute and will be "passed up" by real sportsmen. This would be a calamity.

Rules are made to be observed. A laxness in enforcing them one year leads to trouble in subsequent years. But an impartial and fearless committee, a clear statement of the conditions to be observed, a thorough knowledge of the rules themselves, and a broad vision ought to prevent the trouble that there has been in the past in this greatest of all fresh water races.

For a Better International Understanding Through Sportsmanship

A MOVEMENT has been started recently to bring about a better international understanding through the spreading of the spirit of sportsmanship throughout the world. It is a high ideal — one to which everyone will subscribe. The closer our relationship with foreign nations, especially in our play, where there is no element of financial gain to warp our viewpoint, the better understanding there will be. The code of sportsmanship is a high one, and the mission of international sport is to bring the individuals of different nations together to the end that each may take the best that they find in the other.

Take yacht racing as an example. Certainly our ideas of fair play and true sportsmanship have gone forward a long way through these international contests. If one has any doubts, let him look back at some of the earlier international yacht races and see the change that has come since the days when we believed in giving as little as possible and in taking all we could get, and when it was conceded as an axiom of sport that "a good match is won when made." Conditions that were accepted without question then would not be tolerated now. The last five years of international matches in small yachts have carried us a long way towards a better international understanding with those nations we have sailed against.

As far as such sports as yachting, polo, tennis, golf and the like, we are already on the course we want to follow. But these sports only touch those with the leisure to follow them and whose code of sportsmanship is already established. What is proposed by this new movement is to carry these ideals to the level of the people at large, as far as possible, and to instill them into the youth of the land. International matches are to be arranged in other sports that the public can play. For instance, a soccer match has been arranged between the residents of Worcester, England, and Worcester, Massachusetts, to be played, on alternate years, here and in England.

The code adopted by the Brotherhood, which includes such maxims as "Keep the Rules," "Keep Faith with Your Comrade and Play the Game for Your Side," "Keep Your Temper," "Keep Pride Under in Victory and Keep a Stout Heart in Defeat," apply equally to yacht racing as to any other sport.

Yachting Not Professionalized Yet

It is a great satisfaction in these days of commercialization of amateur sport to know that there is yet no sign of professionalizing yacht racing. Our racing skippers are still playing the game for the game's sake. Of course we may yet see attempts made to get Sherman Hoyt, Charley Adams, Harry Maxwell and other racing "sharks" to sail for $30,000 or so a race. And maybe there will be a handsome movie contract on the side—who knows?

In the World of Yachting

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT

IT is said that the love of sea and ships runs in the blood. Certainly it is largely a matter of inheritance and tradition. And this being so one would expect to find it in the descendants of old Commodore Vanderbilt, who played such a large part in the early development of steamboat transportation in this country. In none of the present generation of that family is this love of ships more apparent than in Cornelius Vanderbilt.

Not only has he been actively interested in yachts and yachting all his life, but he has been prominent in yachting affairs and generous in assisting in the best development of the sport. He was a member of each of the syndicates which built and ran the last two America's Cup defenders, "Resolute" and "Reliance." When the famous class of 70-foot sloops came out in 1900 he was one of the original owners, building "Rainbow," which he raced several seasons against "Virginia," "Mineola," and "Yankee." Later, he was in the 57-foot class, owning "Aurora," with which he won the King's Cup in 1910 and the Astor Cup that same year and also in 1916. In 1916 he bought the racing schooner "Elena," and still owns her, though she has not been in commission for a number of years. While Commodore of the New York Yacht Club from 1906 to 1908, he owned the steam yacht "North Star," bearing the same name as the famous yacht built by Commodore Vanderbilt in 1853, the first steam driven yacht to cross the Atlantic.

In 1915, with W. Butler Duncan, he sailed the "Vanitie" against the "Resolute" in the races held that year between these two yachts built for the defence of the America's Cup. Some two years ago he purchased the auxiliary schooner "Atlantic," winner of the trans-Atlantic race of 1905, in record time, and in her made a cruise to European and Mediterranean waters, returning only last month.

Busy Days at Bristol

Much Interesting Work Under Way at the Famous Herreshoff Yard

By WILLIAM UPHAM SWAN

IN no pre-racing season has the boat yard on the east side of Bristol Harbor, made famous by the genius of Herreshoff, been the scene of so much activity, so much enthusiasm and so much promise. Two years ago the birthplace of the last five defenders of the *America's* Cup and of hundreds of almost as famous racing major yachts, cruisers and various types of pleasure craft, seemed headed for the rocks of oblivion. Today scores of mechanics, joiners, moulders, riggers and sailmakers are swarming about this hive of nautical industry and making a new record of achievement that will equal, if not exceed, the exploits of their distinguished predecessors.

The yard during the next few months will complete the contracts for more than forty yachts, ranging from a 65-foot auxiliary schooner to the little 12½-foot knockabouts for Buzzards Bay, while on the shore of the little cove beyond the yard is nestled for the winter the largest fleet of major yachts in any storage yard in the country.

The gem of the collection at the Herreshoff yard this winter is the white and gold cup defender *Resolute*, which E. Walter Clark, the dean of the Corinthian schooner skippers in this country, bought last summer, and which is being rerigged as a two-sticker with all the latest wrinkles as to rig and rigging. When the *Resolute* (and Commodore Clark has decided quite rightly to retain her original name and not rechristen her *Irolita*) joins the New York Yacht Club fleet at Glen cove next June for the annual spring regatta, she will be the first cup defender in thirty years to be fitted with livable quarters. The last habitable cup yacht was the *Vigilant*, which Edward A. Willard managed in her trial boat career against the *Defender* in 1895, and which subsequently became a cruising yawl under the flags of Percy Chubb and William E. Iselin. All the other cup yachts carried, during their racing careers, about as much luggage as that catamaran which young "Nat" Herreshoff brought over to the Centennial Regatta in New York harbor fifty years ago next summer and which was protested because of her lack of accommodations. "We have a camp stool," said the young designer laconically.

When the *Resolute's* swaddling clothes were stripped off in September, the first work was to take out her centerboard. The big sheet of golden bronze, 10 by 8 feet and weighing something more than a ton, is now the tea table in the little brick rest house which President Haffenreffer has built under the street wall on which so many newspaper men have sat while waiting for a new cup defender to go overboard. Above is the tail board which the *Shamrock IV* thrice followed over the finish line in the last series of races for the *America's* Cup.

The aluminum deck was removed and replaced with pine, the mast partners were reënforced by new metal plates bolted to the steel deck frames and the stern lengthened 3½ feet with a turned-up, English-looking taffrail.

It is almost unnecessary to state that the *Resolute* will have a jib-header on the main and staysails for the fore, but what her other sails will look like and how they will be cut and set is still a close secret.

The joiner work up in the carpenter's shop is nearly finished and ready for installation, the plumbing and galley fittings are well along, and the standing rigging is about ready. It should be understood that all the iron and steel fittings of Herreshoff boats, cleats, braces, blocks, spreaders, and even anchors, are manufactured in the plant and subjected to the most rigid tests.

Under the overhanging stern of the *Resolute* last fall were two launches, one belonging to ex-Commodore Harold S. Vanderbilt and used as the tender for the *Vagrant* last summer, and the other a mahogany affair of Junius S. Morgan, Jr. Both were altered, the Vanderbilt launch being lengthened six feet and the Morgan boat overhauled and given a Packard engine.

In the north shop, where the *Resolute* was built, the Herreshoffs constructed last fall a 20-foot tender of mahogany with a teak stern for the *Corsair*. She was also given a Packard engine.

In the rear of the same shop there is under construction a 65-foot overall auxiliary schooner for Harold W. Brooks of New York, in which is being installed a six cylinder Scripps engine. This yacht is designed by Mr. Herreshoff, and is 46 feet on the water line, 14 feet beam and 8 feet draft. She will be available for racing in the so-called auxiliary schooner division on the New York Yacht Club cruise next summer.

The first addition to the famous fleet of Fighting Forties, which were sent away from Bristol nine years ago, is being built for Edward I. Cudahay, of the Beverly Yacht Club. She is the largest single-sticker to be constructed on the Atlantic coast for the coming season, and will of course conform strictly to the class regulations as to build and rig.

Two small boats are also being built at Bristol, a Class Q, or 25 rater, for Edward M. Abbott, of the Eastern Yacht Club, and a Class R. or 20 rater, for Junius S. Morgan, Jr. The Morgan boat is from designs by Mr. Herreshoff, while the Abbott yacht is from the drawing boards of Burgess, Swasey and Paine. This latter yacht is one of the few yachts to be built in the Herreshoff plant from outside designs, and marks another progressive step in the development of the plant.

Late in the fall the Herreshoff company shipped to Biscayne Bay, Florida, a flock of its 14-foot centerboard sailing skiffs which augments a big class in those waters. The company is also constructing, for Buzzards' Bay yachtsmen, six more of its 12½-foot keel knockabouts which have proved such a popular boat for junior yachtsmen.

Just before the close of the season Capt. George Munsell brought the *Vagrant* over from Greenport for a trial under her new rig. The tall Marconi mast was installed, and for a day or two she cruised about the Bay off Prudence Island under the sails which she will carry on the Eastern and New York Yacht Club runs next summer.

Down in the cove with its three railways are nearly a hundred schooners, sloops, yawls and power boats, including the *Queen Mab* and *Irolita* and the 40-footers *Sally Ann* and *Rowdy*. All three yards are jammed with craft, and the outfitting next spring will give employment to hundreds of joiners, riggers and painters.

The treasure chest of the Herreshoff plant is its big filing case of plans of every yacht that the company has turned out in half a century. Perhaps the most pleasing feature of the new thought which has come to the Herreshoff company is that of warm cordiality. In former years, strangers were scarcely permitted within the gates, due in part to journalistic misrepresentation and a seeming

eagerness on the part of newspaper writers to emphasize the failures instead of the successes in the careers of cup yachts and other racers. Today the cards are all on the big bronze tea table, the gates are wide ajar, and the yachting world roams at will through the big sheds and over the wharves without hindrance and with all questions answered. Even the great designer has thawed under the influence of this new dispensation, and talked affably with visitors before he departed for Florida on his annual visit. The new vision is as big and bright at Herreshoff's as its tea table.

Around Boston

THE seven little 12-foot knockabouts which raced in Charles River Basin and established a new era in yachting in America by extending the racing in northern waters several months, closed their fall season on November 28 after a series of ten races. The *Chinook*, owned and sailed by Mr. and Mrs. Francis H. Cummings, won the Fall Cup with a percentage of .777, the *Rebel*, owned and sailed by Mr. and Mrs. F. Rollins Maxwell, Jr., being a close second with a percentage of .775. The standing of the other yachts was *Anamixis*, Dr. E. W. Wyman, 590; *Baby Nor*, Grafton Smith, 520; *Mikki*, Dr. J. B. Loder, 508; *Malalo*, L. Withington, 390; *Leontine*, J. C. Smith, 321.

The fleet will go into commission late in March if the Charles River Basin is unlocked, and will sail the first race on Easter Saturday. Races will be sailed every Saturday afternoon and Sunday forenoon until June 20th. It is proposed to use the boats in the spring for an interscholastic yachting championship for boys attending preparatory schools in the vicinity of Boston.

A Race Week for Buzzards Bay

Buzzards Bay yachtsmen are seeking to establish a Race Week in those breezy waters for the last week in July or the first in August for all classes, from 80-foot schooners to 12-foot knockabouts. The major yachtsmen in the New York Yacht Club squadron enjoyed such ideal racing conditions in the Bay last August that many of them are eager for more contests, especially as there are no events open for these boats between the cruises of the Eastern and New York fleets. Furthermore, Buzzard's Bay is regarded as a fair meeting ground for the R class yachts of Marblehead and Long Island Sound, and for six metres.

The 56-foot auxiliary schooner *Tigress*, with a staysail rig on her fore. She was designed by W. H. Hand, Jr.

Underwood & Underwood

The auxiliary schooner *Atlantic*, owned by Cornelius Vanderbilt, on her return from a two-year cruise abroad. She encountered some very heavy weather off the coast.

For minor yachts it is proposed to hold three afternoon races similar to those run off at Larchmont and Marblehead and take in the various classes in southeastern New England between Newport and Nantucket.

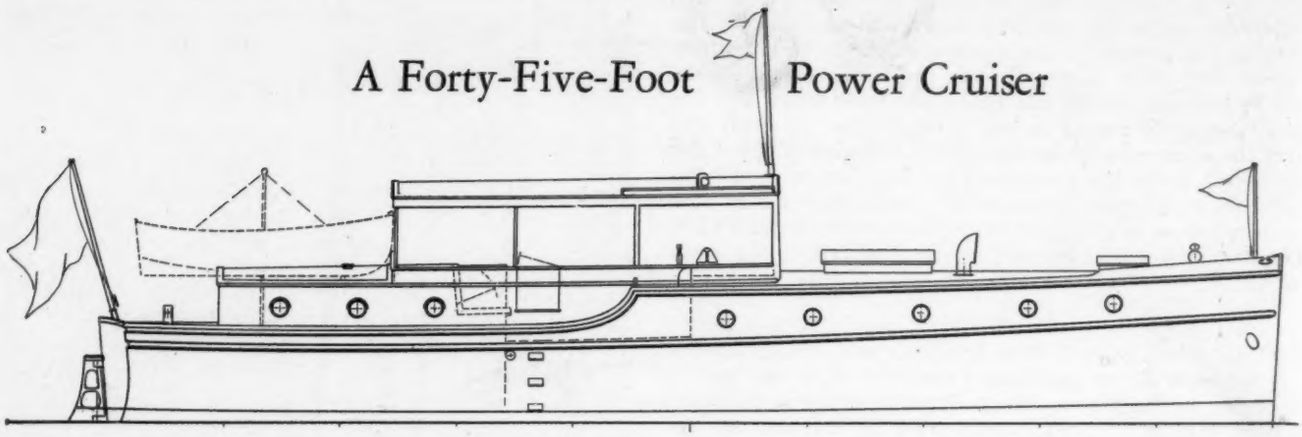
A meeting of some of the leading members of the Beverly, New Bedford, Quisset, Edgartown, Nantucket and Wianno Yacht Clubs will be called early in January to formulate plans for this event.

The Staysail Rig on *Tigress*

THE photograph of the new schooner *Tigress*, designed by William H. Hand, Jr., which is published on this page, shows a modification of the staysail rig for schooners which this designer has turned out. The rig on the foremast, as Mr. Hand has drawn it, is quite different from that on the *Advance* and other yachts that have been using the staysail rig. The designer writes that the new rig gives promise of being very successful and is easily handled and efficient, although only by direct comparison with other boats of similar size can its final efficiency be definitely determined.

The *Tigress* was launched November 19th, left her builder's yard at East Boothbay, Maine, on Thanksgiving Day, at 7.30 A.M. and the following morning, at 7.30 she was tied up in the basin at Fairhaven, Massachusetts. The course was, approximately, 190 miles, including 13 miles of canal, which was made in twenty-four hours under power and sail — a good winter's run for a small yacht. She is 56 feet in length over all, and her engine is a 4-cylinder W. S. M. motor.

A Forty-Five-Foot Power Cruiser

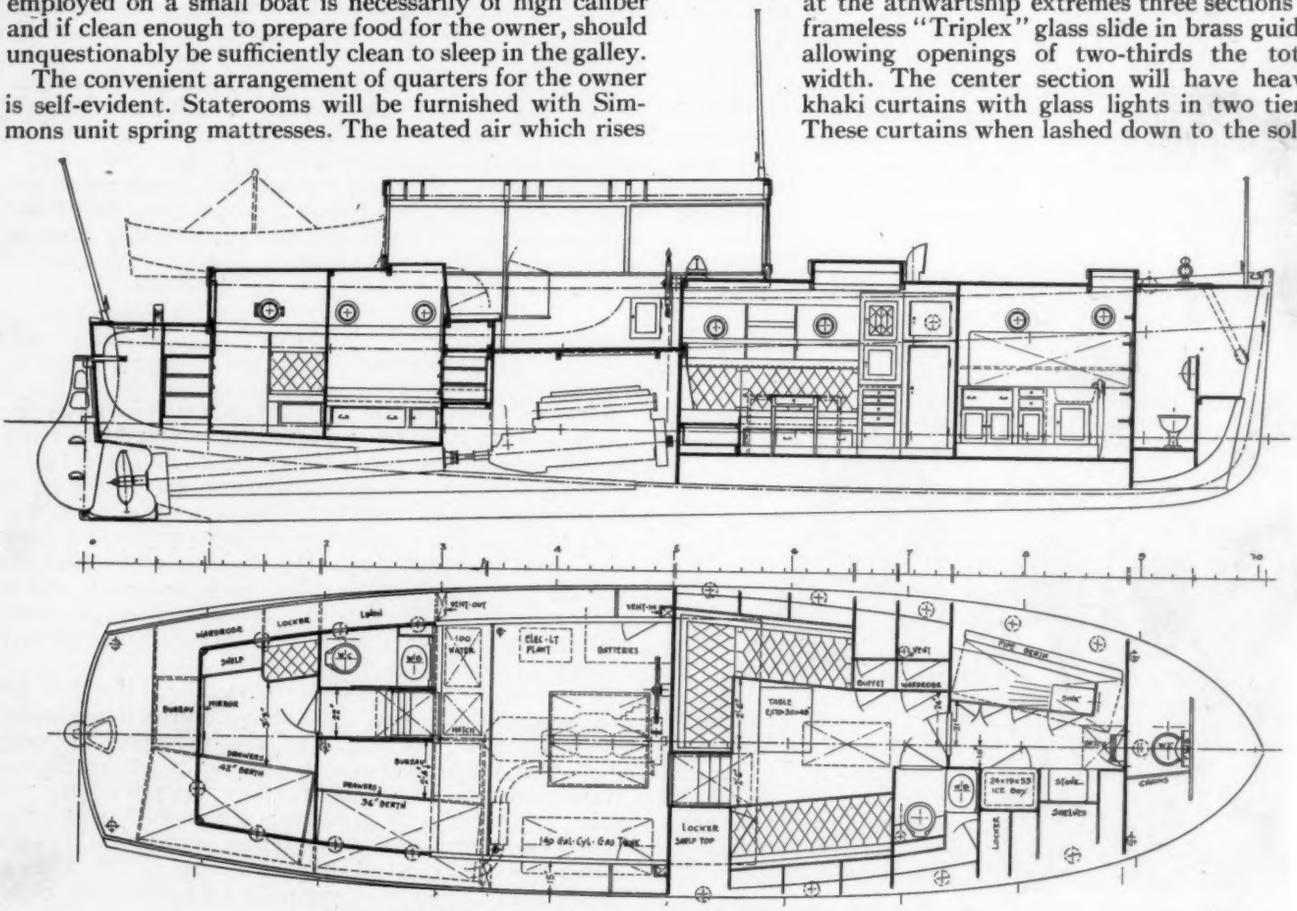


FOR complete enjoyment of small cruiser possession it sometimes becomes imperative to employ a paid hand, a useful crew of all work, indispensable on an occasional hunting cruise. The resultant problem of how and where to make comfortable such addition to "all those on board" has produced various crew's quarters, some more commendable than others. Permissable, therefore, is brief mention of the salient features incorporated in the design reproduced on these pages, which is from the board of L. Kromholz, naval architect, of New York.

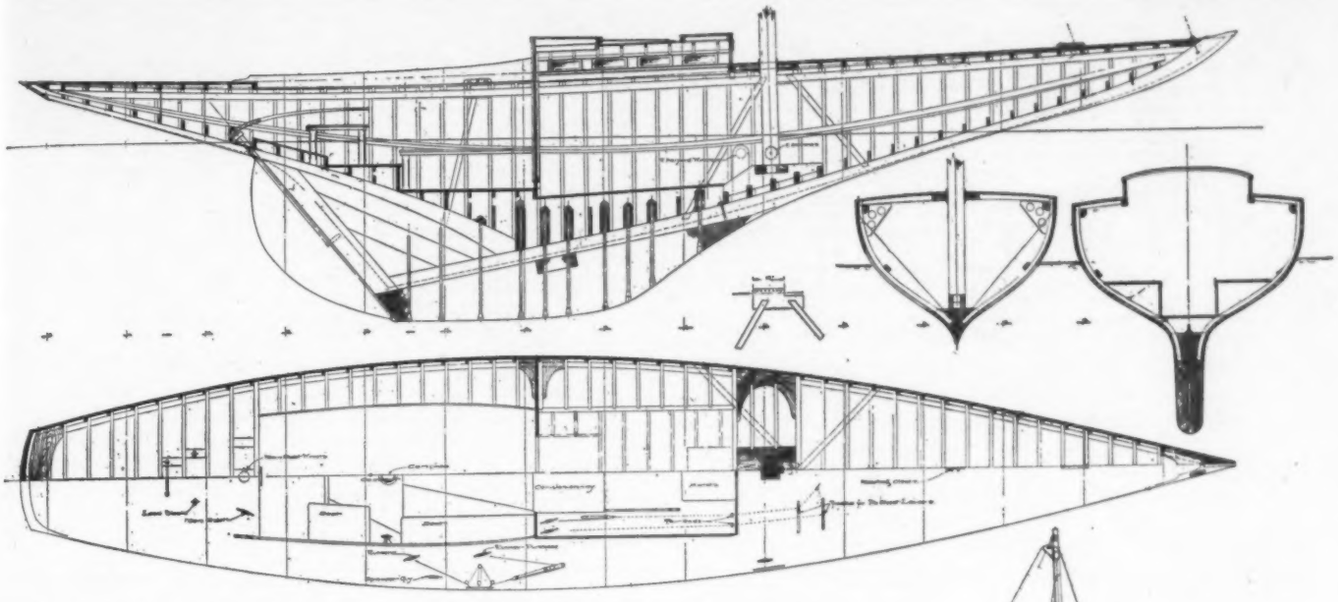
Without question the crew's quarters are in the galley — or the galley is in the forecastle. However, here is adequate cubic space in all directions for one man to live comfortably and in no way conflict with the functioning of appliances of the galley when operative. The natural objection is the combining of these two rooms; still a man employed on a small boat is necessarily of high caliber and if clean enough to prepare food for the owner, should unquestionably be sufficiently clean to sleep in the galley.

The convenient arrangement of quarters for the owner is self-evident. Staterooms will be furnished with Simmons unit spring mattresses. The heated air which rises and banks under the side decks and cabin roof will find egress through mushroom vents set in afterdeck and roof. The afterpeak, on starboard side, is open to the stateroom, there being but a footboard at the after end of the berth, which arrangement permits easy inspection of steering gear.

For economy of space the 'midship cockpit type is inherently successful. (Mr. LeRoy Moody's *Sea Wolf 4th* possesses those characteristics, and has earned favorable comment during her four years of existence.) Here an outdoor space of attractive proportions, with a nine foot "divan," or seat, detracts in no way from the efficient arrangement of engine room directly below. The permanent top, built with corner posts of small sectional area (eliminating blind spots) has one-third of its forward and after sides enclosed by permanent glass sash, while at the athwartship extremes three sections of frameless "Triplex" glass slide in brass guides allowing openings of two-thirds the total width. The center section will have heavy khaki curtains with glass lights in two tiers. These curtains when lashed down to the solid



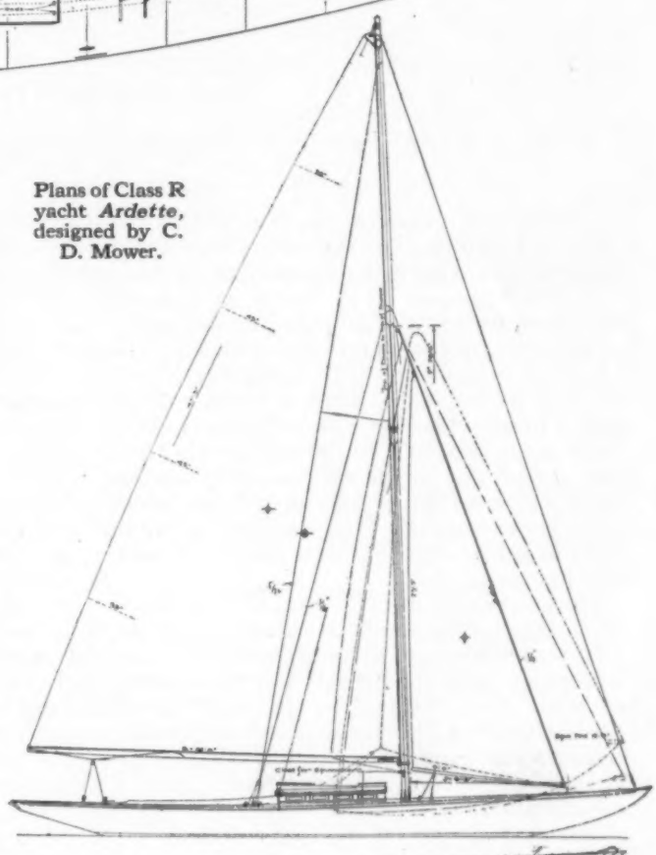
Plans of a 45-foot over-all power cruiser designed by L. Kromholz.



rail will make the "deckhouse" serene against inclement weather and will permit passage fore and aft without leaving shelter, as companionways are placed entirely within the coamings of the deckhouse.

The engine room has all machinery and auxiliaries, including tanks, installed between watertight bulkheads. Provision in plans is made for Speedway M–6 motor and in all probability a motor of this manufacture will be used.

The hull model is planned for weatherly qualities rather than speed and while ballast will not be carried the displacement is 30 per cent more than other apparently similar boats from plans of this architect. The dimensions are: l.o.a., 45′ 8″; beam, 12′; draft, 3′ 8″.

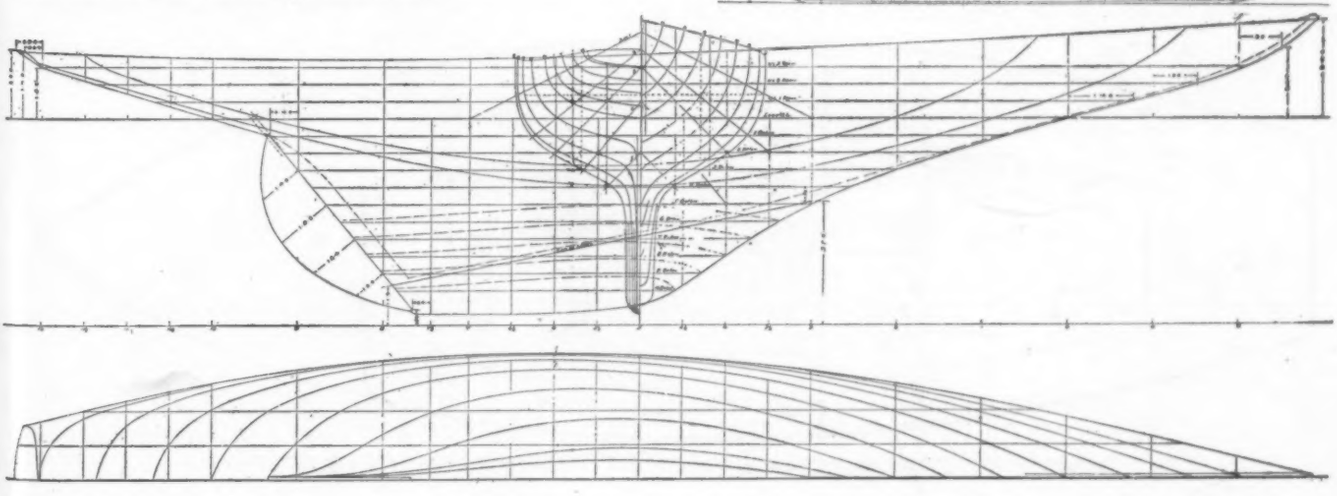


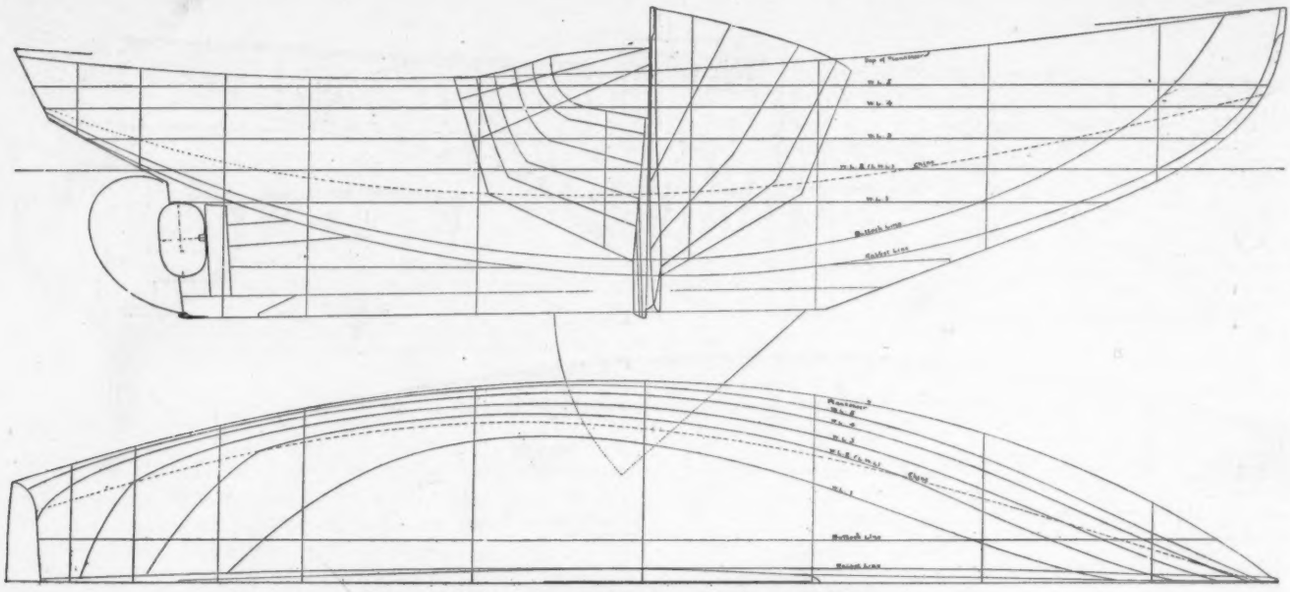
Plans of Class R yacht *Ardette*, designed by C. D. Mower.

Class R Sloop *Ardette*

WE take pleasure this month in publishing the plans of the successful Class R sloop *Ardette*, which finished in second place in the season's championship on Long Island Sound last season. Designed by Charles D. Mower for Donald H. Cowl, she is 38′ o.a., 25′ w.l., 7′ 3″ beam, 5′ 8″ draft, and carries 582 sq. ft. of sail. Her best performances were in a whole sail breeze or better.

The plans show her to be closer to the "wholesome" type of boat than some other craft turned out under the Universal Rule the past year or so. The design of Mr. Cowl's new "R," also from Mr. Mower's board, is a modification of the design of *Ardette*.





Lines of 30-foot over all V-bottom auxiliary cruising yawl.

A 30-Foot Centerboard, V-Bottom Cruising Yawl

A study of the lines of this little 30-foot-over-all yawl will show many features that differ from the stereotyped design; these are not experimental but the result of experience of the designer, J. L. Foster, of Vancouver, B. C., through many years of cruising and designing.

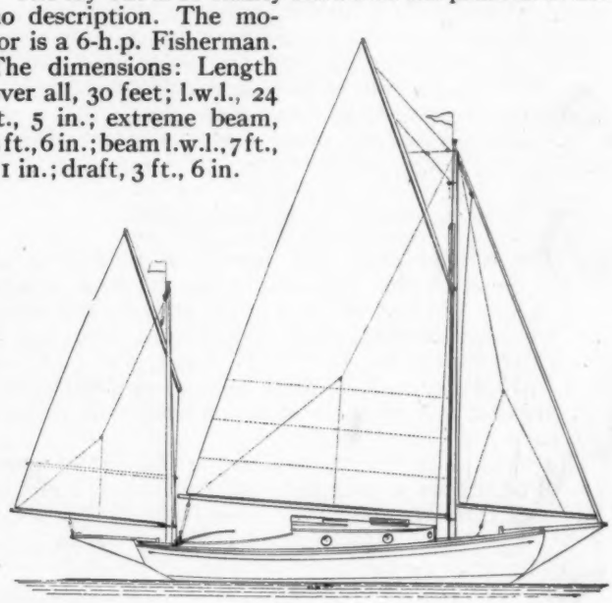
For speed, dryness and easy action in a seaway, the V-bottom type of hull with sharp lines forward — both w.l. and section — has been a favorite of the designer, since handling his first one — designed on the Atlantic Coast in the late '80's. In the 90's by using a curved afterbody drawn out to the regular yacht's raking transom, the objection to the appearance of the "straight-frame" boat was eliminated. This, and the fading away of the chine knuckle some distance abaft the stem, gave the type grace and style.

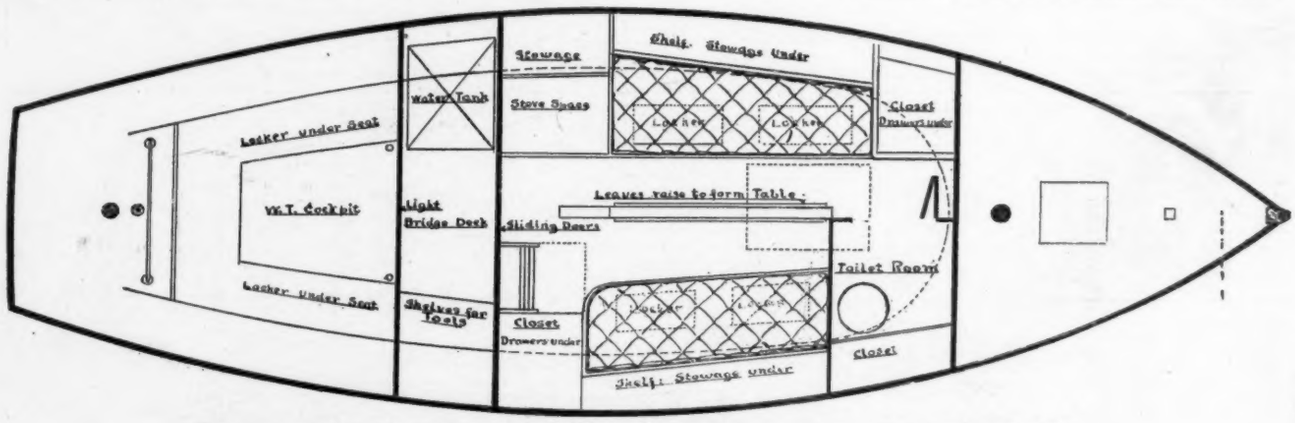
The present yacht is for Mr. B. H. Allen of Aberdeen, Washington, who intends to use her mostly single-handed.

The overhangs are short. As much boat as possible was wanted on 30 ft. o.a. length, but the entrance and clearance are clean and fair, as shown by the fair sweep of the buttock-line. She should be fast under sail, particularly going to windward, and a good sea-boat. The owner said he wanted a fast boat, roominess was a secondary consideration.

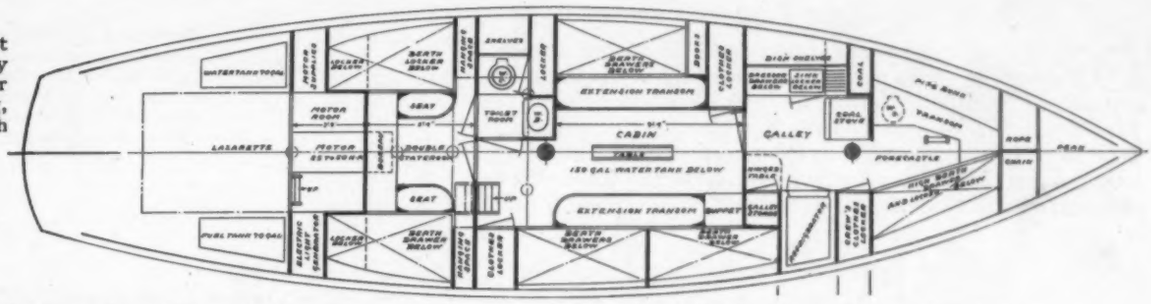
The rig is ample for cruising — 635 sq. ft. in the three lowers; besides the sail shown, she has a small jib and a balloon jib. The mizzen is a lug, and one who has handled a yawl with a properly balanced and rigged lug will be satisfied with no other.

The lay-out is so clearly shown on the plans as to need no description. The motor is a 6-h.p. Fisherman. The dimensions: Length over all, 30 feet; l.w.l., 24 ft., 5 in.; extreme beam, 9 ft., 6 in.; beam l.w.l., 7 ft., 11 in.; draft, 3 ft., 6 in.





Accommodation plan of 30-foot yawl designed by J. L. Foster, of Vancouver, for B. H. Allen.



Plans of 56-foot over all auxiliary cruising schooner with Marconi rig, designed by Ralph E. Winslow.

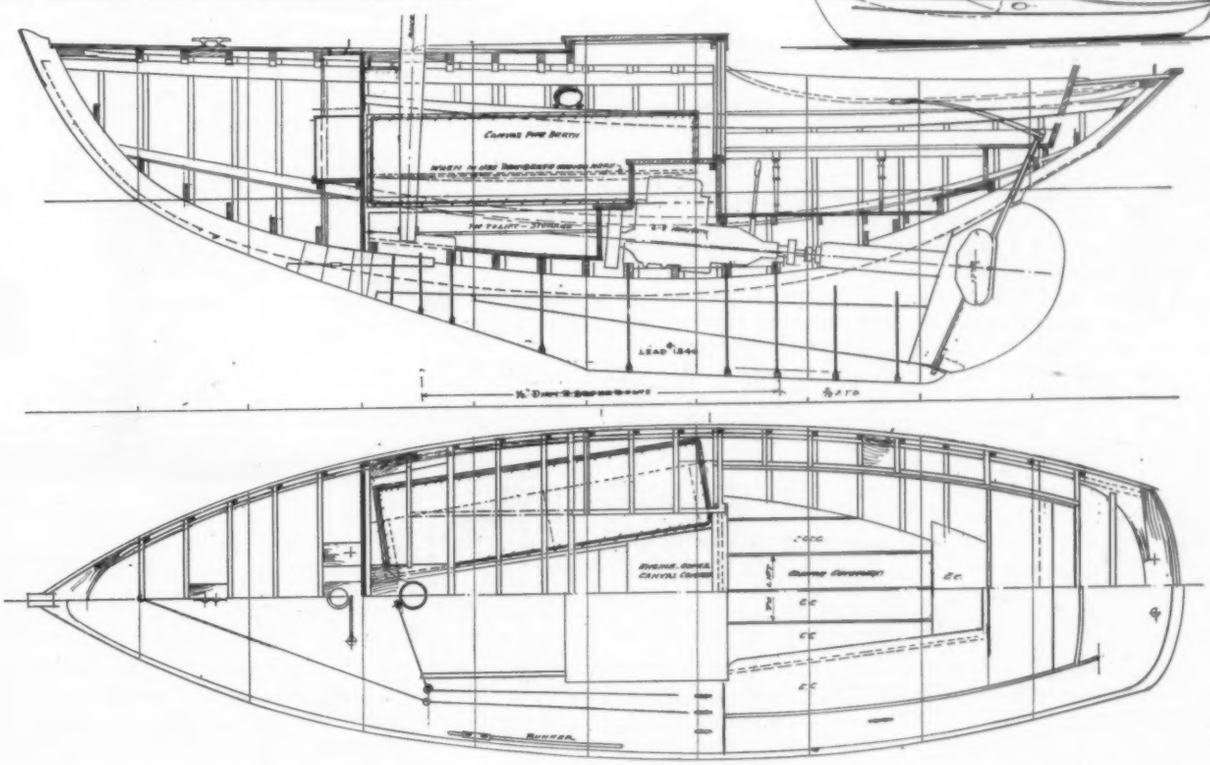
A 56-foot Auxiliary Schooner

IN order to meet the demand for sturdily built, seagoing auxiliary schooners of medium size for rough and ready cruising in all weather, Ralph E. Winslow, of Atlantic, Mass., has prepared plans of an interesting flush deck, Marconi mainsail schooner 56 ft. over all, 43 ft. waterline, 14′ 6″ beam, 8′ 6″ draft and 1667 sq. ft. of sail area. The boat is a moderate, sweet lined craft in every way, with good sheer, short but graceful overhangs, and sufficient beam and displacement so that she will sail at a moderate angle of heel and be easy both on the hull and crew.

A Little Auxiliary Cruiser

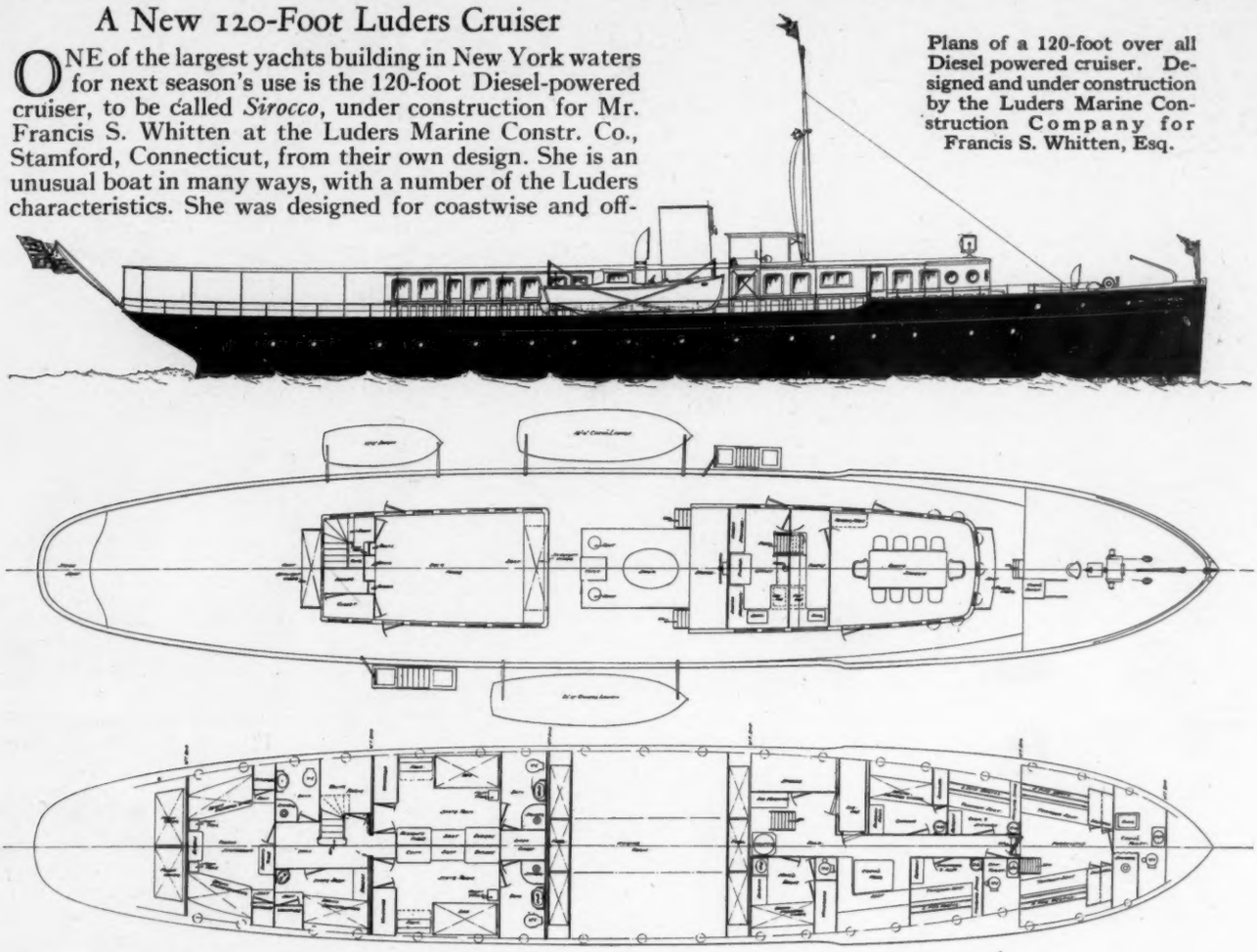
THE plans of one of the smallest and yet most complete little cruisers yet attempted are shown herewith. They are of a boat named the *Cruisemite*, designed and built by the Bergh Boat Corporation as a standardized model. The first of these is now under construction and will soon be seen in the showroom of the company, 57 Park Place, N. Y. She should prove an able craft as her displacement is larger than the average. Dimensions: l.o.a. 22′ 1″; l.w.l., 17′; beam, 6′ 8″; draft, 3′ 8″

Plans of a 22-foot over all stock auxiliary cruiser, designed by the Bergh Boat Co.



A New 120-Foot Luders Cruiser

ONE of the largest yachts building in New York waters for next season's use is the 120-foot Diesel-powered cruiser, to be called *Sirocco*, under construction for Mr. Francis S. Whitten at the Luders Marine Constr. Co., Stamford, Connecticut, from their own design. She is an unusual boat in many ways, with a number of the Luders characteristics. She was designed for coastwise and off-shore cruising and, with her two Winton Diesel engines of 175 h.p. each, she will make a speed of 13 knots. Her fuel capacity is large so that she will run from 2,500 to 3,000 miles on one filling of the tanks. The layout, as shown, is of unusual interest. The dimensions are: length over all, 120 feet; l.w.l., 110 feet; beam, 20 feet; draft, 6 feet 6 inches.

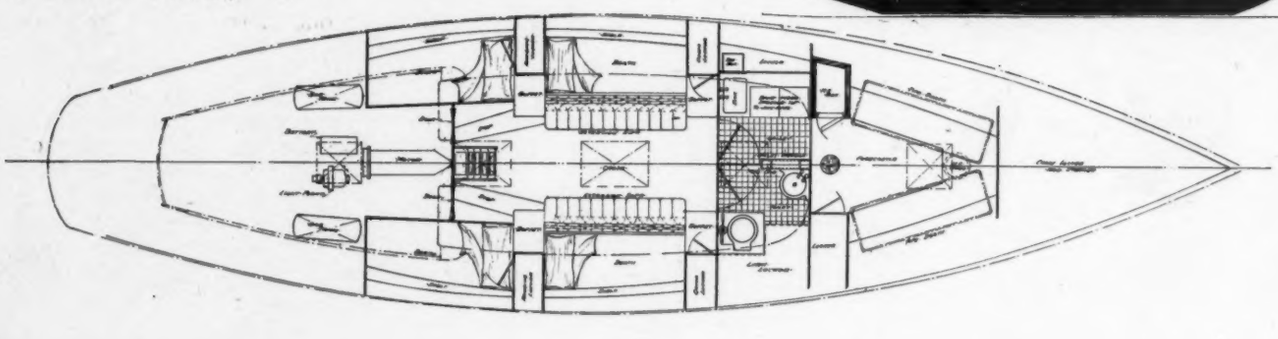


Plans of a 120-foot over all Diesel powered cruiser. Designed and under construction by the Luders Marine Construction Company for Francis S. Whitten, Esq.

A 37-Foot Water Line Sloop

ANOTHER product of the Luders plant is a 54-foot overall fast cruising sloop, designed and built by this company for Mr. Philip L. Smith, of Short Hills, N. J. This yacht, named *Dyon*, is 37 feet on the water with a beam of 13 feet and 8 feet draft. She carries 1,350 square feet of sail. The accommodation plan shows an exceedingly roomy and comfortable cabin with special attention paid to the galley and locker room, making her very livable for long cruises. She has already made two trips from New York to Tenant's Harbor, Maine, where she is used by her owner during the summer.

Sail and accommodation plan of the 37-foot water line sloop *Dyon*, built by Luders Marine Construction Company.



In the Lee of the Longboat

by Cap Stan

THE great enthusiasm with which the new Sound Inter-Club Class has been received shows pretty clearly that there is a big demand for a type of boat which our Universal Rule is not producing — a sensible, wholesome craft, with moderate ends, good beam and freeboard, a comfortable cockpit, and a fairish bit of cabin space — all at a moderate price. I understand that twenty-two boats have already been contracted for, with still more in the offing provided the builder can turn them out. Besides being excellent little craft for racing, these boats will make good afternoon sailers, will house their crew overnight on a pinch, and with class restrictions limiting the number of suits of sails and haul-outs each season, will be very moderate in upkeep. Altogether, the Sound Inter-Club Class bids fair to become one of the most popular small one-design classes organized in recent years, and should hold that popularity for many a day.

* * *

Some time early last November, I think it was, two adventurers started for Bermuda in a small, half-decked catboat. They have not yet arrived in Bermuda, and doubtless never will. A bit later, another young adventurer passed through New York waters in a canoe, bound on a globe-girdling trip. A week or two later the newspapers apprised us that his body had been recovered on the shore of Chesapeake Bay. All of which goes to prove that canoes, catboats and other frail craft may be perfectly safe when used by experienced sailors in protected waters, but become nothing less than death traps in the hands of courageous but ignorant seagoers who attribute qualities to their craft which they don't possess.

* * *

I have it on pretty good authority that a certain Great Lakes yachting body is seriously considering imposing a minimum freeboard and beam restriction on all Universal Rule racing craft, which, at present, would affect Class R boats principally. This pretty definitely proves what the Lake yachtsmen think of some of the freakish creations which have made their appearance the past year or two. And it should make Eastern racing men sit right up and take notice. For almost invariably, Easterners have, in the past, found a good market for their craft on the Lakes. If this market is automatically removed by the freeboard-beam limitation, where will the Easterners sell their craft when the spirit moves them to build a newer and faster boat? Think it over, Easterners.

All cruising men should be interested in the design of *Dragoon*, Bob Bavier's new hooker. Interested, not only because of the hull design and deck and cabin arrangement, but because Bavier, one of the most experienced cruising and racing yachtsmen in the country, has elected to try out a jib-headed ketch rig. That the ketch is gaining favor amongst cruising yachtsmen is no longer a secret. Several worthy craft with this rig have come out in the past couple of years — and one or two of them have shown excellent speed, something which the sloop-yawl-schooner advocates are loath to admit, but which, nevertheless, is a fact. Bavier, who has owned, raced and cruised with practically every known rig, would hardly build a ketch and enter her in the Bermuda Race if he thought the rig was a slow one, or a poor affair for seagoing work. And if *Dragoon* should lead the procession to St. David's Head this year — well, write your own ticket.

* * *

Year after year the annual Motor Boat Show becomes more and more popular. The crowds grow larger and more observing, while the exhibits become more numerous and diversified. You not only see a complete display of the finest motors in the world, but you see boats, too — motor boats, sailing craft, dinghies, skiffs — and countless accessories. Regardless of whether you use a gas boat, a sail boat, an outboard motor boat or a canoe, you'll surely find one or more exhibits which will prove both interesting and instructive. Get the latest dope — rub shoulders with hundreds of other enthusiasts — do your winter sailing at the Show — January 22nd to 30th, 1926.

* * *

Would you believe that a sail attached to a mast by old-fashioned hoops is more effective than it would be if attached by a track and slides? Do you know that the lee side of a sail does *lots more* work than the weather side? Do you realize that one of the reasons for using the "staysail rig" between a schooner's masts is because a sail hung on a slim wire stay is more efficient than a sail hoisted on a mast? All the above statements are based on results of two years' experimenting at Boston Tech. They have found out a lot of additional interesting facts, some of which are pretty sure to have a distinct effect on our future sail plans. Perhaps the Skipper will present us with an authoritative article in the near future, so that all hands can benefit by what these industrious investigators have discovered.

Two Complicated Protests

Carolina vs. *Iroquois II*

AN unusual and puzzling foul occurred in a race held by the Larchmont Y. C. in July, 1924, which involved the N. Y. Y. C. 50-footers, *Carolina* and *Iroquois II*, and the Class O boat, *Maisie*. As the decision of the Larchmont Y. C. race committee was against *Iroquois*, the owner of the latter appealed the case to the Executive Committee of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound, as the protest involved an interpretation of the racing rules. An abstract of the case, with diagrams, and the final decision, follow:

Wind southerly and light. Yacht *Maisie* on course from Matinicock Buoy to Bluefish Shoal, with spinnaker set to port.

Yachts *Carolina* and *Iroquois* on course from Oak Neck to Bluefish Shoal Buoy, a broad reach, with balloon jibs set, *Carolina* having established an overlap on *Iroquois* when both boats were approximately three-sixteenths of a mile from *Maisie*, and holding a course which, if continued, would have taken both yachts across *Maisie's* bow.

When under the bow of *Maisie*, *Iroquois* luffed sharply, causing *Carolina* also to luff until she fouled *Maisie*, who had taken in her spinnaker and was luffing in an effort to keep clear. *Carolina* protested *Iroquois* under Rule XII, Sec. 9, which in turn refers to Rule XIX, Sec. 2. These rules are as follows:

Rule XII, Sec. 9. RIGHT OF WAY. OBSTRUCTION TO SEA ROOM. *When a yacht is approaching a shore, shoal, pier, rock, vessel, or other dangerous obstruction, and cannot go clear by altering her course without fouling another yacht, then the latter shall, upon being hailed by the Club member in charge of the former, at once give room; and in case one yacht is forced to tack or bear away in order to give room, the other shall also tack or bear away as the case may be at as near the same time as is possible without danger of fouling;* etc., etc.

Rule XIX, Sec. 2. *If a yacht, in consequence of her neglect of any of these Rules, shall foul another yacht, or compel another yacht to foul any yacht, mark or obstruction, or to run aground, she shall be disqualified and pay all damages;* etc., etc.

Iroquois also protested *Carolina* under Rule XII, Sec. 6, which states that "*A yacht overtaking another yacht shall keep clear of the overtaken yacht.*"

After full investigation and discussion, the Executive Committee decided that though *Iroquois*, being an overtaken yacht, had a right to luff *Carolina* under ordinary circumstances, her right to luff ceased when *Carolina* was unable to go clear of *Maisie*, the latter yacht ranking as an obstruction to sea room under Rule XII, Sec. 9. To quote from the report of the Executive Committee:

"Was *Iroquois* compelled to give room without due cause? These words were undoubtedly included in the rule to penalize a boat from deliberately putting herself in a position where she would be entitled to call for room, and thus possibly secure an advantage over another yacht which had the right of way. Did *Carolina* deliberately put herself in such a position?

"Had *Carolina* and *Iroquois* continued to sail the course they were on when an overlap was established, they would have both passed *Maisie* to leeward without interfering with her. A luff by *Iroquois* was alone to be looked out for by *Carolina* when the overlap was established. Could *Carolina* meet such a luff? What was to interfere? All appeared clear, except one smaller yacht, *Maisie*, moving more slowly than *Carolina* and *Iroquois*, obliquely with their course and about three-sixteenths of a mile distant on their weather bow, and too, if interference later threatened, *Maisie* could luff — she was required to keep clear — she tried to but failed. Was it possible at that moment that *Maisie* might interfere in case *Carolina* had to meet a luff by *Iroquois?* Perhaps that thought at that time never occurred to the skipper of either craft. But even had it occurred, was there any reasonable certainty of interference? We think not. And if that be so, then *Carolina* had a right to continue so long as the overlap lasted, even if it meant later that she found herself in a position where she might have to call for room, as she eventually did, to meet a sharp luff by *Iroquois*, not begun until too late for *Carolina* to clear *Maisie*."

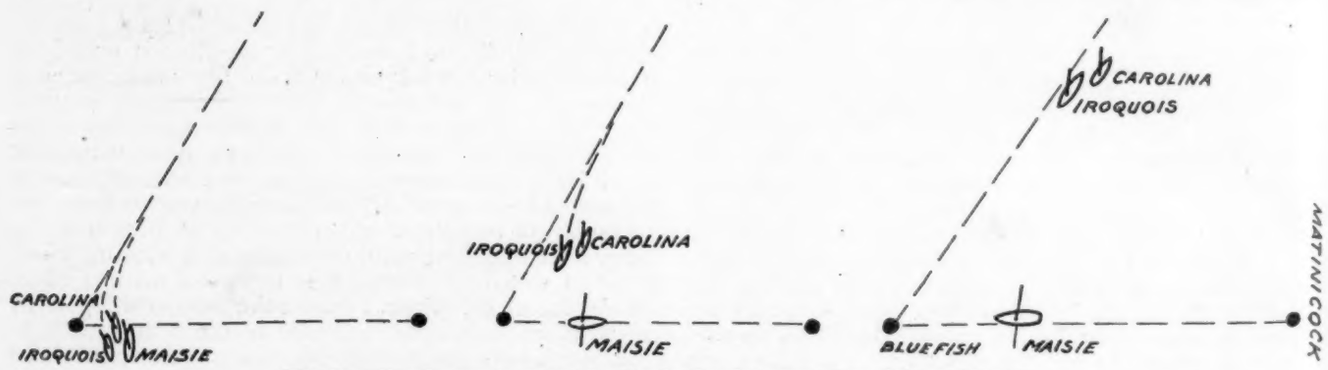
As *Carolina* was unable to go clear of *Maisie*, the Executive Committee upheld the decision of the Larchmont Y. C., and disqualified *Iroquois*.

A Puzzling Situation

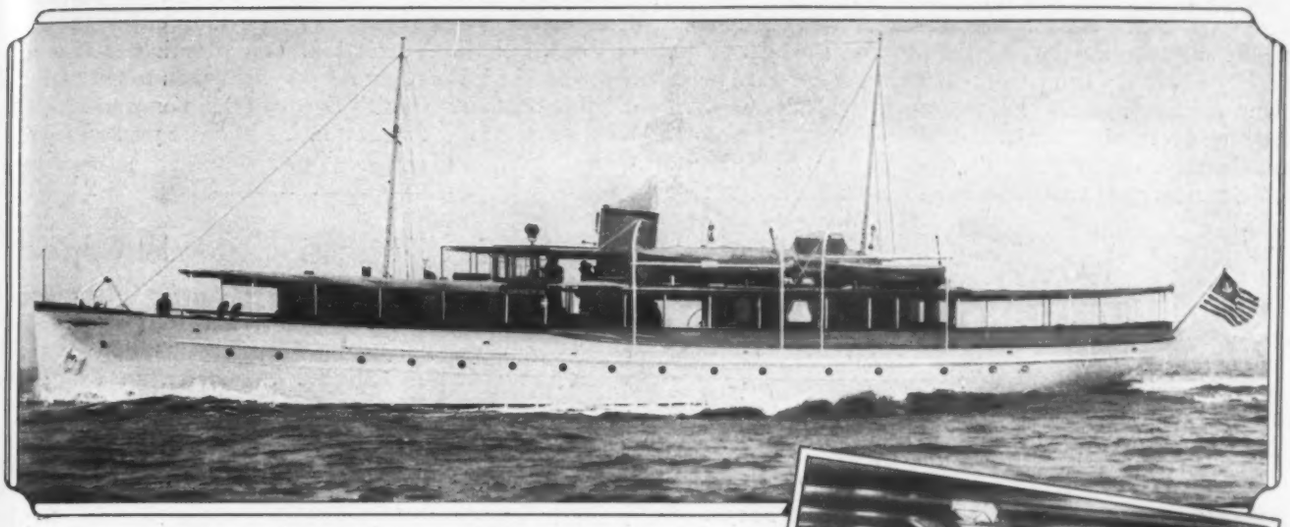
Mr. M. B. Wilkinson, a member of the Sailing Committee of the Regina Boat Club of Saskatchewan, Canada, has submitted a protest to YACHTING which again brings up the question of the conflicting rules regarding the rights of a boat on the starboard tack against an overtaken boat.

Referring to the diagram, the yachts *Volante* and *Onaway* were sailing with the wind on the port quarter, *Volante* was an overtaking boat to leeward, and the next mark was to be left to starboard. At Position 3, *Onaway* jibed, followed a few seconds later by *Volante*, whose boom fouled *Onaway's* mast (Position 4).

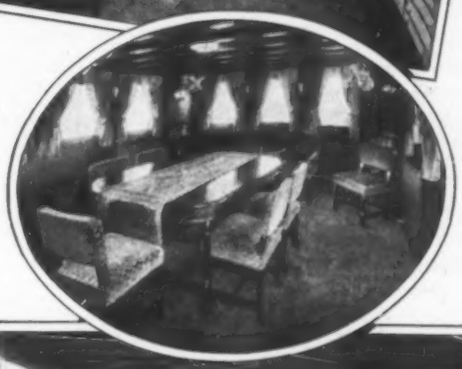
Volante claimed that she was an overtaking boat and had the right to expect that *Onaway* would not change her course so as to involve risk of fouling, and that *Onaway* did not give her sufficient sea room to make the maneuver for the mark. *Onaway* claims that she was on the star-



The *Carolina-Iroquois* protest involved a fine interpretation of the racing rules.



The Janey III—a wonder boat, built for Walter O. Briggs of Detroit by the Consolidated Shipbuilding Corporation and designed by John H. Wells, Inc.
It incorporates the comfort of the house-boat with the smartness of the yacht. It's the largest Diesel yacht built this year and is finished throughout with Valspar.



Photos by M. Rosenfeld, N. Y.

Once In a Blue Moon!

Once in a blue moon a designer of ships builds a veritable masterpiece—with grace and comfort and staunchness riveted into every bolt and beam.

Such a masterpiece is *Janey III*, built for Walter O. Briggs of Detroit. This unusual yacht represents a happy combination of circumstances—the genius of her designer, Mr. John H. Wells,—the sturdy workmanship of her builders, the Consolidated Shipbuilding Company of New York,—and lastly, the worthy character of the materials used in her construction.

Her finish? Valspar, of course! For Valspar, by sheer merit and rugged service, has won a place for itself on master ships the world over.

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board tack, and that *Volante* should have kept clear, because (A) *Volante* was first a boat running free with wind on port side, *Onaway* having the wind on starboard side, and (B) *Volante*, when she jibed, was the windward boat.

Our decision places *Volante* at fault. She was at first the overtaking boat, and should have kept clear. But *Onaway*, under Rule 13, Sec. 5, L. I. S. Y. R. A. Rules, had no right to so alter her course as to involve risk

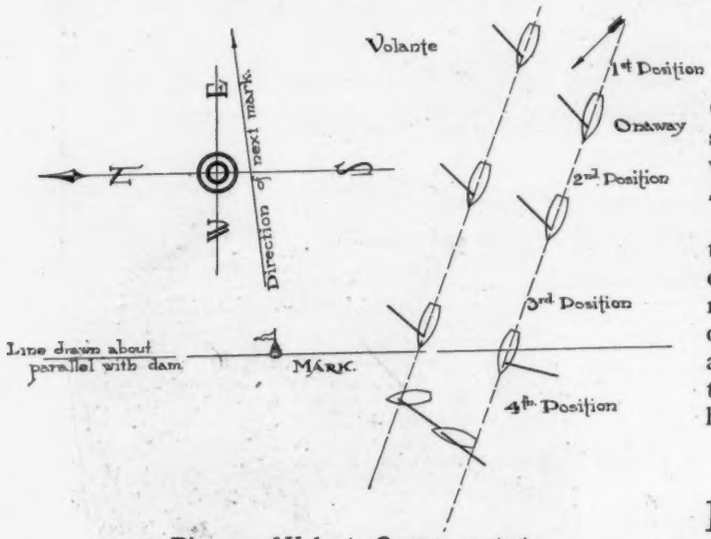


Diagram of *Volante-Onaway* protest.

of fouling. The latter did, however, jibe over and haul on the wind. If *Volante* had held her course under these circumstances, and the two boats had come together, we believe *Onaway* would have been at fault. But *Volante* jibed over and changed her course also. This made her the windward boat, and she should then have kept clear and should not have put herself in that position by jibing unless she had room in which to do it.

It is about time that the conflict between the overtaking rule and the port and starboard rule was cleared up by giving one of these rules the precedence.

Model Yacht Racing Association Revises Rule

AT a meeting of the Model Yacht Racing Association of America, held in New York on December 8th, at which most of the clubs of the Association were represented, the present measurement rule of the Association was thoroughly discussed with a view to getting a rule that would make models conform more nearly to large size yachts. The delegates decided not to make any drastic changes in the present rule, but the draft limitation in the present rule was modified in order to reduce the excessive draft now found on model yachts. The present draft limitation of the rule is 32 per cent of the load water line plus 1.56, which makes for excessive draft on models. This rule was changed so that the draft limitation is now 16 per cent of the l.w.l. plus 5. This will have the effect of reducing the draft on larger size models some 3 inches. The change does not affect boats completed previous to December, 1925, but will hold in boats built since that time.

Another piece of legislation which is important, was the adopting of a new class by the Association, called the R Class, built according to the Universal Rule and using plans of an R Class boat built on a scale of 1½ inches to the foot. This will give a class built under the Universal Rule and a somewhat smaller boat than either the B or C Classes of the Association. The adoption of this rule should make it easier for model yachtsmen to get plans of existing boats from which they can build on a scale of 1½ inches to the foot. To our mind, it is a wise piece of legislation.

Another International Model Cup

With the winning of the *Yachting Monthly* International Cup by Great Britain last year, the trophy which has stood for international model racing was won outright when the *Crusader* defeated the American challenger *Slipper*.

In order that these international contests may continue, the proprietors of the *Yachting Monthly* are giving a new cup to replace this trophy. Some slight changes have been made in the deed of gift, chief of these referring to the dates. The closing date for entries is now February 15th and the races must be sailed between July 15th and September 15th. The full conditions will be published in a later issue of YACHTING.

Books for the Yachtsman's Library

Two Books on Ship Models and Rigging

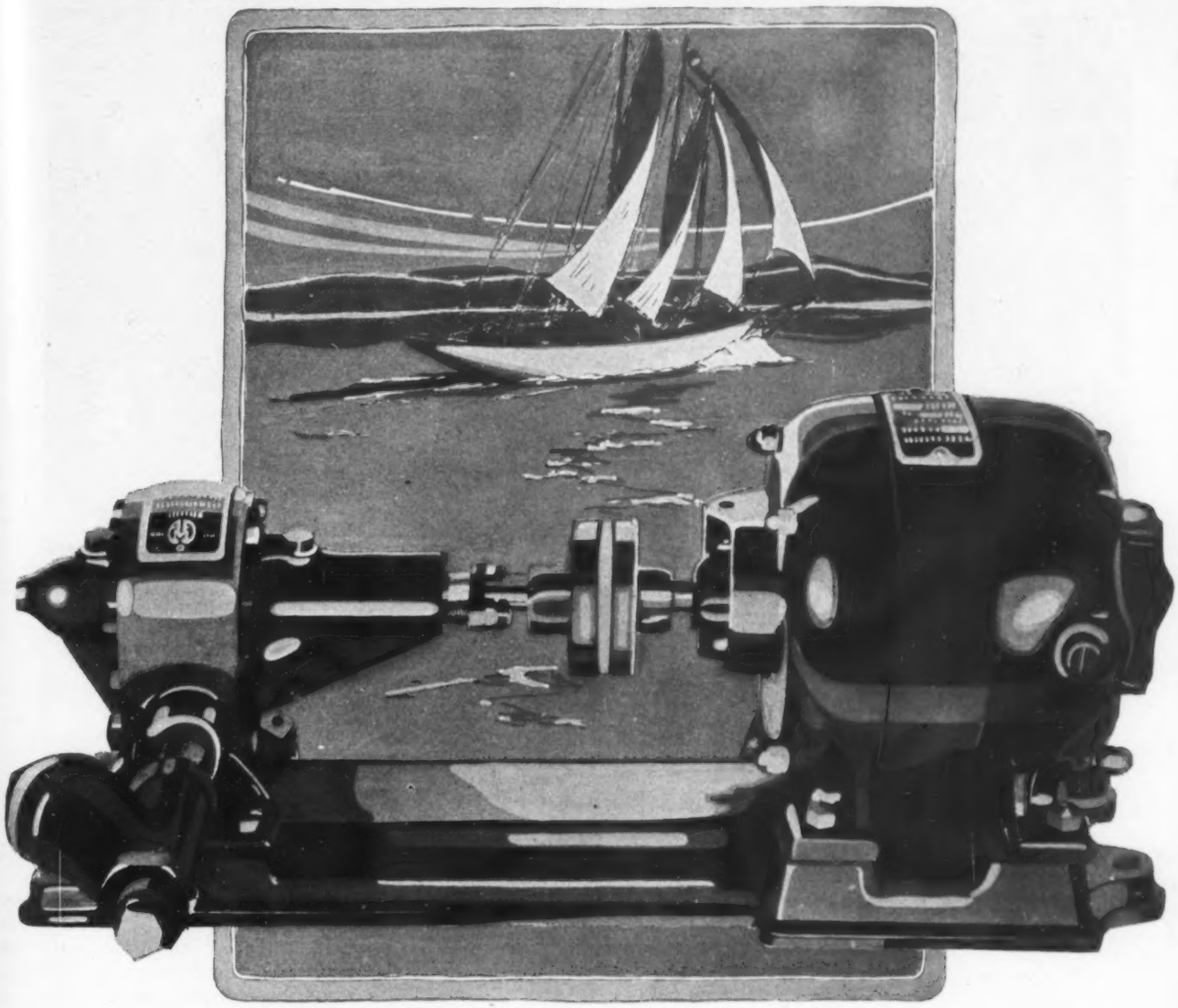
TWO books which have been published recently by the Marine Research Society, of Salem, Massachusetts, should prove of unusual interest to all of those interested in the building of ship models, and in the rigging of model yachts of all types.

The first of these books is entitled *Ship Models and How to Build Them*, by Charles G. Davis. It is unusually complete and gives not only a description of how to build ship models, but also contains a great deal of information on the details of the building and equipping of square-rigged vessels of different periods. It is illustrated with some unusual half tone pictures of models of famous ships, from the sixteenth to the twentieth centuries, together with detailed drawings of spars, rigging, articles of equipment and the like. It also contains the table of offsets for the famous American clipper ship *Sea Witch*, and has a chapter on tools required in model making. It is a book model builders have long been wanting.

The other book is *The Art of Rigging*, by Captain George Biddlecombe. YACHTING has had so many requests from its readers, asking where details of rigging for square-rigged ships could be obtained, that it is confident that this book will fill a long-felt want. There is a glossary of the terms and phrases used in rigging, coupled with detailed illustrations of the various blocks, dead eyes, hooks and the like, used in square-rigged and fore-and-aft craft. Then there are full rigging diagrams for the running rigging, standing rigging and sails of the various types of square-rigged craft. A very valuable feature is tables giving dimensions of standing and running rigging for ships of different sizes.

It is an unusually complete volume on rigging, an art that is fast disappearing in the world.

The books sell at $5.00 each, and they should be in the library of every yachtsman who is interested in the construction of ships and wants to know them from keel to truck.



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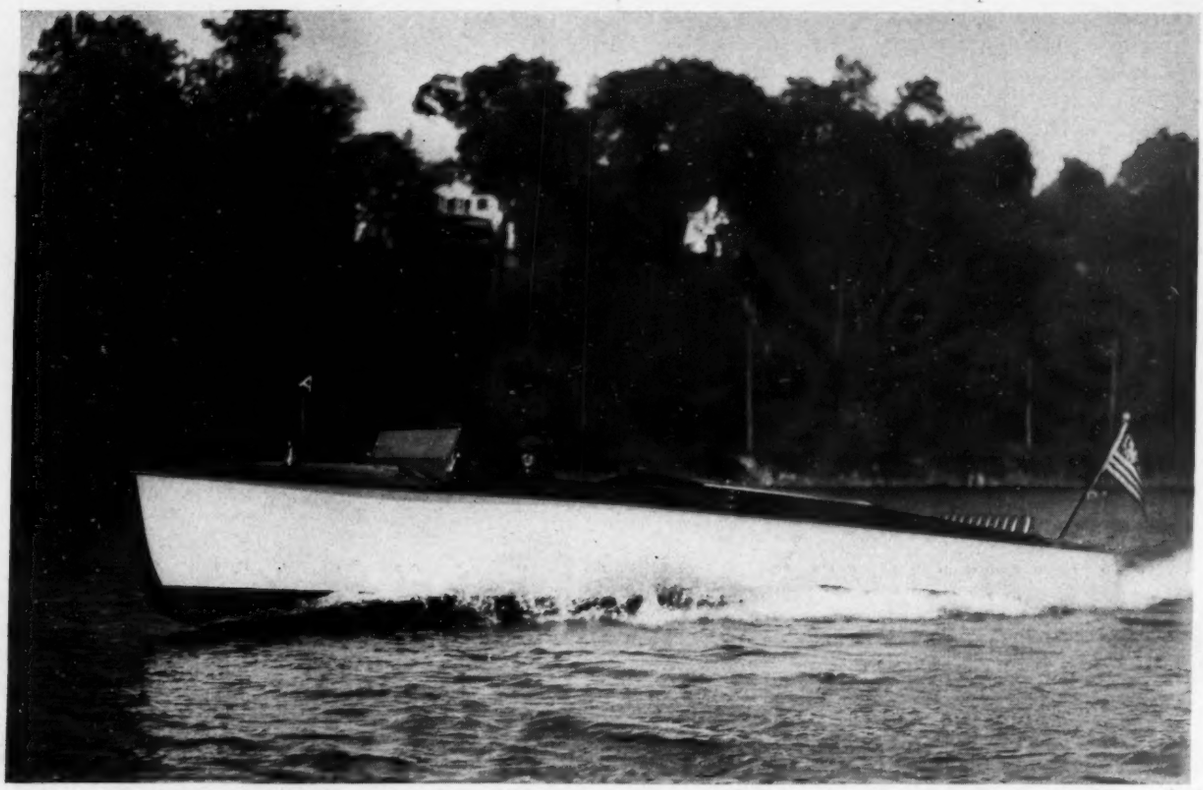

A new 30-foot fast runabout, recently brought out by the Fay and Bowen Engine Company, Geneva, New York.

Of Interest to the Skipper

A New Fay and Bowen Runabout

ONE of the finest runabouts that has ever been turned out by the Fay and Bowen Engine Company of Geneva, New York, is a new 30-footer which this company has recently completed and is placing on the market for next year. The new boat is a large runabout, 30 feet overall, with two cockpits, one forward from which the boat is handled and with a broad 'thwartship seat at the after end, and a large cockpit aft. Between these two a Fay and Bowen engine is installed under a hinged hatch. She will be able to step along at about 20 miles per hour. The Fay and Bowen Company have always been noted for excellence of the design, construction and finish of their boats and this new model is fully up to the standard set by this concern. Several orders have already been booked for next year's delivery and the model has proved exceedingly popular.

Hacker & Fermann, Inc.

Mr. John L. Hacker, through Hacker & Fermann, Inc., of Detroit, announces that the entire production of the Hacker Dolphin runabout, together with all special Hacker Craft racing boats, will now be distributed direct through this new organization formed for that purpose by the addition of Mr. Leonard H. Thomson to the staff as general sales manager.

Mr. Thomson has been taken into the organization as one of the members of the firm to perfect the dealer organization of the company and to handle the national distribution of the Hacker Dolphin runabout.

Hacker & Fermann, Inc., will continue their yacht brokerage services together with the naval architectural and engineering departments. This includes the designing and supervising of construction on all special runabouts and cruisers.

Elto "Super" Outboard

Ole Evinrude, the head of the Elto Outboard Motor Co., has each successive year since the organization of this company announced the addition of original and distinctive features to the Elto Light Twin outboard motor. It has become generally known throughout outboard motor circles that Mr. Evinrude has spent most of his days for the past three or four months creating and developing his ideas in a specially constructed workshop located on the shores of a secluded lake in Wisconsin.

In view of the fact that Mr. Evinrude's announcements have always been fully substantiated by genuine accomplishments, the outboard motor public may well look forward with great interest to the announcement soon to be made regarding the Elto for 1926.

Watch for These

The owners of small craft will be specially interested in two new products of the American Machine and Foundry Co., of Brooklyn, N. Y., which will be exhibited at the coming Motor Boat Show in January. The first is a small, electrically-driven capstan, with motor and winch contained in a single deck housing, the whole outfit being sturdy, weatherproof and economical. The second is a light weight rotary hand pump, with a capacity of ten gallons per minute, suitable for pumping bilges or other service.

In addition, there will be a full display of the AMF Rotary All Purpose pumps, and typical sizes of the AMF Rotary Vacuum Pump with direct motor drive.

STANDARD THIRTY-EIGHT FOOT

"Lawley Built"

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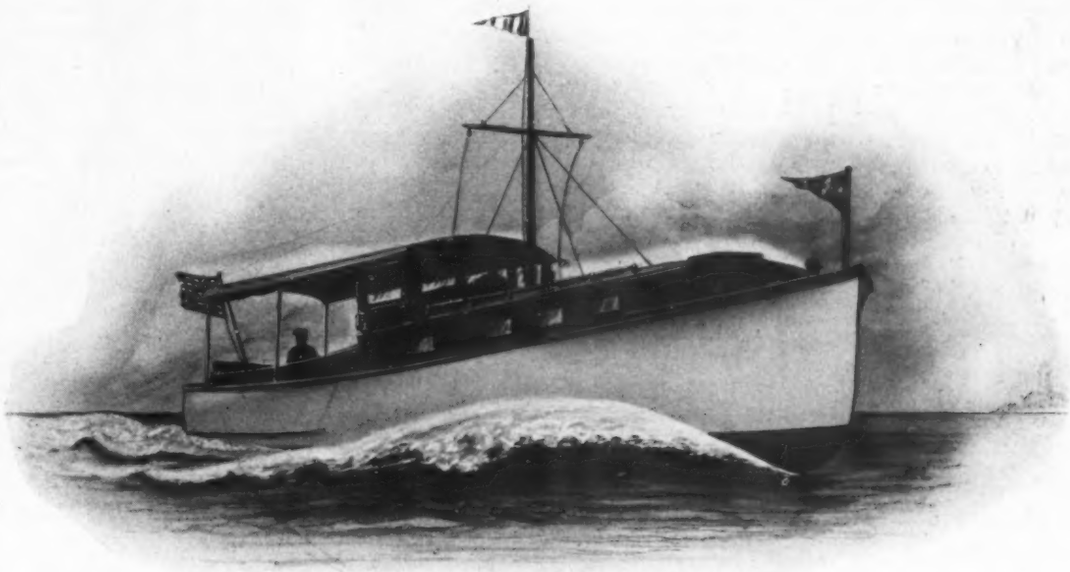

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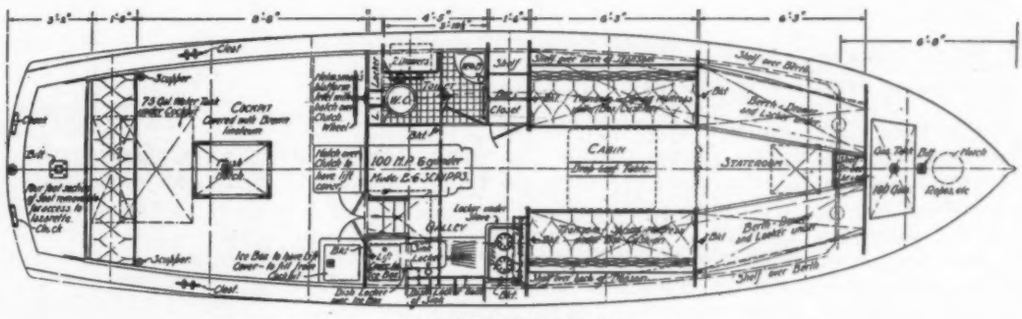
See this Boat at the New York Motor Boat Show



ARRANGEMENT PLAN

GEO. LAWLEY & SON CORP'N

NEPONSET, MASS.

Durdee, a 42-foot Luders cruiser, powered with a model E6 Scripps engine.

"Art" Utz with Bruns, Kimball & Co.

Announcement has recently been made by Wm. Bruns, President of Bruns, Kimball & Co., of the entry into the firm of Arthur J. Utz, who will handle sales in the Metropolitan territory. Mr. Utz has long been identified with the marine engine industry, and his participation in almost every motor-boat meet in this country has made him widely known amongst motor-boat enthusiasts. His long experience in the selling game makes him thoroughly qualified to take charge of sales for Bruns-Kimball, who are distributors of Sterling and Kermath motors in eastern territory, with a branch in Philadelphia.

A Scripps-Powered Luders Cruiser

A very successful small fast cruiser is the *Durdee*, a photograph of which is shown here. She is a 42-footer, owned by Carroll T. Cooney, and designed and built by the Luders Marine Construction Company, of Stamford, Conn. She is an unusually able little boat for her size and, with a pair of Model E6 Scripps engines, she steps along with the best of the express cruisers of this size.

Gordon Cruisers on Exhibition

While the Gordon Boat Company had one of their 35-foot specialized deep sea cruisers at the Motor Boat Show last year, where it attracted unusual attention, the Company announces that they are not exhibiting at the Show this year, as they will have three boats at their New York plant, 214th Street and the Harlem River, which is only thirty minutes from the Palace by subway. In this way they are able to show three boats.

These three boats are the three models that the Company builds, 35 feet, 42 feet and 46 feet, and may be seen finished, and in various steps of construction so that a prospective purchaser can see exactly what he is buying and get an idea, from a personal inspection, of the construction of a Gordon cruiser. Before deciding on the purchase of a boat, it is always an advantage to be able to see the full line that a company manufactures, and also to get some idea of the way in which the boats are built.

The new Johnson 6 h.p. Big Twin.

The Johnson Big Twin

After two years of intensive experimentation, the Johnson Motor Company, of South Bend, announce the addition to its present line of a Big Twin, six full brake horsepower outboard motor.

This new motor has been built to meet demand for an outboard motor of the Johnson type that would give greater speed for sport and speed purposes and greater power for larger craft and work boats. It is substantially an oversize edition of the original Johnson Twin, with such engineering changes and additions necessary to take care of the additional power and weight. Despite its remarkable power, the weight of the motor has been kept down to 85 lbs., due to several exclusive features of design, as well as to the use of the finest materials and extreme accuracy in workmanship.

During its trial period the Big Twin set a record of 16.68 miles per hour for outboard motors. This record was established July 4, 1925, at White Lake, Mich., by the official timing of the Mississippi Valley Power Boating Association, and official tests since that time have shown that this motor has actually developed better than 18 miles per hour.

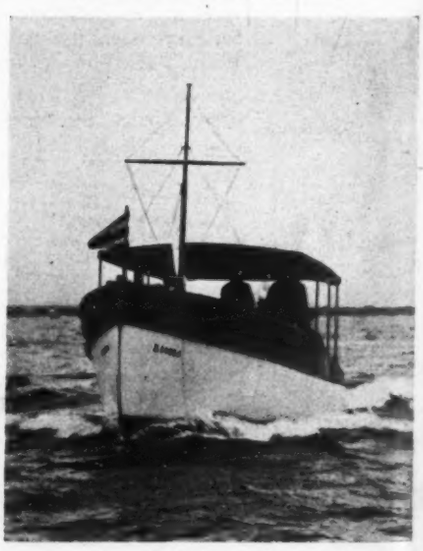
The Johnson Big Twin is a fine piece of marine engineering. Sturdily built, it provides efficient power for larger craft such as family pleasure boats, commercial fishing boats, and auxiliary power on sail boats. To speed boats of the V-bottom or hydroplane type, it offers a flash of speed better than 16 miles per hour.

The Johnson Big Twin is built with the same mechanical fineness which characterizes the Light Single and Light Twin, popular with sportsmen and boating enthusiasts the world over. It has full pivot steering, automatic tilting, quick-action magneto, float-feed carburetor and the like, that will make it an outstanding outboard for heavy duty or speed boat use.

Sales and Charters

The firm of Cox & Stevens, Naval Architects and Yacht Brokers of New York, report a rushing business in yachts for southern use, some of

(*Continued on page 100*)



The Gordon Model B 35-foot Deep Sea Cruiser, without windshield.

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Two blocks from Broadway

Special Sale of Fine Sextants

KELVIN-WHITE SEXTANTS 6½" Radius, edge bar, three-circle Sextant with Kew "A" certificate. Divided on silver to 150° —reading to 10 seconds. Neutral Tint Shades, large mirrors, covered adjusting screws. Two Inverting Telescopes, Plain Tube, Star Telescope. Two eye shades. Polished mahogany box with brass fittings. Price in London £18.0.0.

HEATH & COMPANY 6½" Radius Curve Bar Full Sextant with Kew "A" Certificate. Same description as Kelvin-White instrument. Price in London £18.0.0.

HUGHES SEXTANT, 6½" Radius, Three Circle Sextant with Kew "A" Certificate. Silver arc and vernier, reading to ten seconds. Neutral Tint Shades, large mirrors. Two Inverting Telescopes. Plain tube and Star Glass. Polished mahogany box. Price in London £15.0.0.

Remember that all these instruments were tested at Kew Observatory in London, for accuracy of graduation, quality of Mirrors, Shades and Lenses.

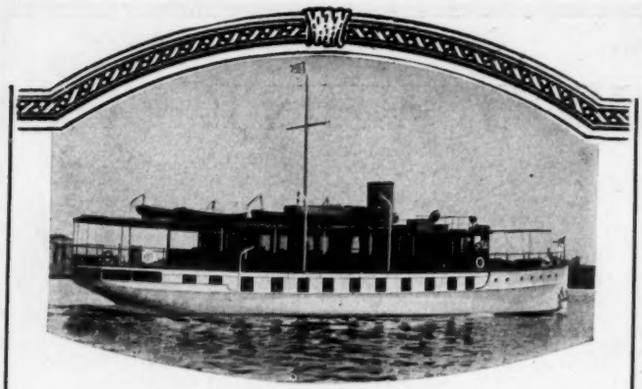
THESE Sextants formed part of a naval order. We purchased these from the government, and having gone over them thoroughly offer them to the public at a price that would otherwise be impossible. The retail value of any of these instruments would be $125.00 to $150.00. We guarantee every one to be adjusted and ready for use in every particular, or we will refund your money. Some of these have never been used, others slightly used but refinished, some show slight use. Come early and take your pick. If you cannot come to do this, **send us your check and we will do it for you and guarantee the result.** Sent charges prepaid and insured to any point in the United States on receipt of price.

Your money back if not satisfactory

KELVIN-WHITE . . . . $50 HEATH INSTRUMENT $50

HUGHES $40

Act Quickly — They Won't Last Long



The 98-ft. Houseboat, ALSCOTIA
built by us for
Mrs. Stricker Coles, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

LUXURIOUS COMFORT

without sacrifice of utility,

seaworthiness and economy of operation are the distinguishing characteristics of the

MATHIS-BUILT HOUSEBOATS

—many of them with the new-type Mathis Yacht-stern—which will be seen in Florida this winter.

98-ft. Houseboat, ALSCOTIA, completed by us in the first half of 1925 for Mrs. Stricker Coles, of Bryn Mawr, Pa. Since its first appearance at the New London Boat Races, it has been the center of favorable comment wherever it appeared.

100-ft. Houseboat, SAMURI, recently completed by us for Major W. Earl Dodge, New York. Designed by Messrs. Tams & King. Includes every feature of comfort afloat which ingenuity has devised to date.

104-ft. Houseboat, SEQUOIA II, Mr. Cadwalader's new Mathis-built Houseboat. Excels in trim, yachty lines, sea-going qualities and speed of 15 miles.

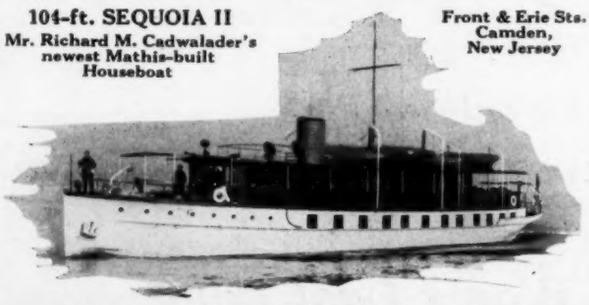
92-ft. TROUBADOUR, Mathis-built for Mr. Webb Jay, of Miami, Florida, and 92-ft. THALIA, for Mr. Thomas M. Howell, Chicago, completed in December, are two new houseboats rivaling yachts in speed, appearance and seaworthiness; yet possessing a degree of comfort to which no yacht of less than 115 feet can aspire.

MATHIS YACHT BUILDING CO.

Houseboats and Cruisers from 40 to 120 feet

104-ft. SEQUOIA II
Mr. Richard M. Cadwalader's newest Mathis-built Houseboat

Front & Erie Sts.
Camden,
New Jersey



Westward—and the Others

(*Continued from page 24*)

fighting it out with *Lulworth* for second place, and *Shamrock* was trying to place herself on terms with *Britannia*. Among the crowd of them astern, the order was being reshuffled. But *Westward* was *hors de concours* — a class to herself today. Unassailably first as yet, she was gradually still opening out.

"All get to leeward," was the order to the crew, for the trim of the vessel is of high moment, and then someone shrilled — "Look *out!*"

We had seen a race of Six-Metres crossing us ahead, and we had seen a large steamer crossing too. We should almost graze the stern of the steamer, but never mind that. Here she was. "Look out, look out! *There's two o' them t'other side o' the steamer!* Look out!" It seemed like a nasty mess for a moment, as the steamer rolled ponderously by and left them coming full tilt, almost under our bowsprit. They had not seen us, nor we them. Cursing (I doubt) was mutual, but not aloud. All three yachts were trustily handled, and they cleared.

"Mainsheet!" In it came again. "Steady, hand over hand." Now was our time, reaching, and with every sail set and drawing, — onaway! Past Cowes we surged and swiftly down to the Warner. "Stand by y'r tops'l, have you got the hook off?" And we were again about.

But once again all the reality of the old world of sail had been brought back when, as she curved, there were two men at the wheel for the moment forcing the spokes over with their straining muscle. No steam-kettle, this, with electric steering-gear and telemotor and all the rest of it; no, this was the child of the old clippers, queens of the sea. And the wheel did not in clipper days turn with the touch of a finger — it was a man's job then. As the ship would yaw perhaps, the wheel might be sent over with more force than one strong man could restrain, and then back it would come with the *kick* that would lift him bodily.

The end was in sight. On we flew. We should soon be home. For the second time we were round the East Lepe buoy, and had returned — running free — to Cowes. Here it was. "Gun!" we were home.

Here was Cowes again, with the crowds ashore, and the bands, and flags flying. Then one glanced at the stopwatch and looked astern. It seemed an ample margin, but . . . it was preposterous that a doubt could creep into the mind in face of such a runaway win. But . . . we had run home without spinnaker, and here were the others setting spinnakers at the East Lepe. What if the wind breezed up hard, and they began to whittle away that ample margin of ours, down toward the 3 minutes, 50 seconds? Preposterous, obviously so; the thing was impossible. We had won.

"Furl your mainsail." We were pulling down that strong sail-cloth that tears one's nails to pieces; and, as the yacht bickered easily through the water again, one was looking over one's shoulder to see the others come in. Gun again! *White Heather* was home, more than seven minutes astern, and we were beyond all chances now, secure.

	Finish			*Corrected*		
	H.	*M.*	*S.*	*H.*	*M.*	*S.*
Westward	2	20	14	2	20	14
White Heather	2	27	34	2	23	44
Lulworth	2	28	32	2	24	42
Shamrock	2	29	27	2	25	37
Britannia	2	30	51	2	27	1

So *Westward* had won. It had been a good day's sailing, but the sailing today had been in two separate parties — *Westward*, and the others.

[By special arrangement with *Yachting Monthly*, London, this story is published simultaneously in that magazine and *Yachting*. Ed.]

Announcing

a new organization for the sale, distribution and servicing of the entire output of the Hacker Boat Company's 26-foot Dolphin runabouts, specially built runabouts and racing craft.

Hacker & Fermann, Inc., will have not only the exclusive distribution of Hacker Dolphins, but will continue its naval architectural and engineering departments, which include the designing and supervising of construction on all special runabouts and cruisers of varied type and design, together with its yacht brokerage services.

We offer with our personnel the combined experience of more than forty years' practical boat designing and building.

John. L. Hacker

DOLPHIN RUNABOUTS

The highly developed 26-foot Hacker Dolphin runabout will in this, its fourth year, be equipped with the 100 h. p. Kermath marine motor. Guaranteed consistent speeds of better than 30 miles per hour go with every boat

HACKER & FERMANN, INCORPORATED

Sixty-three Hundred East Jefferson Avenue

DETROIT, MICH.

Announcing the Johnson

Big Twin

6 Brake H. P. Twin Cylinder Outboard Motor Weight 85 lbs. Speed 12 to 16 m. p. h.

THE JOHNSON *Big Twin* with 6 brake horse power, is a new achievement in marine engineering. Sturdily built, it is more than twice as powerful as the Johnson *Light Twin*, yet is easily portable, weighing but 85 pounds.

Its greatest adaptability is for larger craft; for family pleasure boats, for commercial fishing boats, for auxiliary power on sail boats. To speed boats of the V-bottom hydroplane type, it offers a flash of speed with thrills aplenty at better than 16 miles per hour.

The Johnson *Big Twin* is built with the same mechanical fineness which characterizes the *Light Single* and *Light Twin*. It has Full Pivot Steering, giving full power or any part of that power, in *any* and *every* direction. Automatic tilting, Quick Action Magneto, float-feed carburetor and other superiorities, make it outstanding as an outboard for heavy duty or speed boat use.

You can see this new Johnson—also the *Light Single* and *Light Twin* —at your Johnson dealer. If you do not know of him, write us, we'll gladly mail our catalog and the dealer's name who is nearest you.

Ask your dealer about the Johnson deferred payment plan.

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3602 Sample Street, South Bend, Ind.

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Petersborough Canoe Co.
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Johnson
Outboard Motors

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF OUTBOARD MOTORS

Why the Kicker Doesn't Kick

(*Continued from page 32*)

come by energetic cranking with gasoline shut off and pet cocks open.

While on the subject of dampness it might be well to enumerate a few donts: don't cover the magneto with a "waterproof" cover; it sweats inside. Don't cover the engine with a tarpaulin when not in use; for the same reason. In short, all electrical equipment should be shielded from fly-wheel splashes and pump leaks, but don't house it in; the more exposed it is to a free circulation of air, the more easily it is kept dry. Don't put damp sail covers and wet oilskins near the engine.

In fishing craft where the engine is almost invariably in the cabin (usually within two feet of the stove) and in larger yachts where the engine is in the galley, most of these problems are solved automatically.

When an engine has not been run for a long time it is often found to be very stiff and difficult to turn over. The principal cause of this stiffness is that in time the crankshaft sinks through its surrounding film of oil and comes to rest, metal to metal, on its bearings at the lower side. In such cases the engine should be turned over by hand until the oil has worked around the shaft again. A few drops of oil should also be squirted into each cylinder to replace what has drained away from the piston rings.

If the following simple rules are heeded, the chances of your engine failing to start in an emergency will be reduced a hundred per cent:

I. Make sure that your exhaust installation is such that it cannot possibly be submerged under any circumstances.

II. Make sure that your tank and fuel line installation will insure a steady flow of gasoline to the carburetor in every possible position the craft may assume.

III. Before starting on a cruise run the engine for at least five minutes, whether you need it to get under way or not.

IV. Run the engine for five minutes morning and evening; oftener in damp weather.

V. Keep the engine compartment as well ventilated as circumstances permit at all times, whether the engine is running or not.

If an engine refuses to start, it is not necessarily a stubborn, balky, ——ety —— contraption. On the contrary, it is very probably suffering acutely from some disease caused by your own negligence.

Samuri, a New Power Houseboat

(*Continued from page 30*)

beds and communicating bathroom. Directly aft of this is what might be called the owner's sleeping porch and lounge, very smart and comfortable looking.

Going to the operating end of the yacht the engine room is just forward of the owner's quarters. In it there are two Winton gasoline engines with two auxiliary generating sets of the same make. At the after end of the engine room are the gasoline tanks, of sufficient capacity to give an unusually large cruising radius for a boat of this type. The galley is next forward of the machinery space, and is equipped with an oil-burning stove, a large ice room (which is essential for Florida use), ample storage space for dry stores, etc., and the heating system. On the deck above is the pantry, connected by a dumbwaiter. The pantry, which is rather large for a boat of this type, has an auxiliary ice box, dish racks, electric plate warmer, etc. Below, forward of the galley, are the captain's, chief engineer's, cook's and steward's rooms, the officers' and crew's baths, a large mess room and in the bow, the forecastle for the crew.

The dimensions of *Samuri* are: l. o. a. 100′, beam 20′, draft 3′ 6″.

New YORKTOWN YACHT CLUB

May Have International Affiliations

View of York River from the Yorktown Yacht Club heights. The broad reaches of the river make a fifty-mile straightaway deep water yacht course one of the finest in the world.

WITHIN the past fortnight announcement has been made of the formation of a new yacht club with headquarters at Yorktown in Virginia.

The new yacht club will be closely affiliated with the Yorktown Country Club, the yacht club's quarters being located in the sumptuous Manor House of the Country Club, upon which work was started October 19th.

The significance of this announcement from an international standpoint appears when one recalls the original purpose in the formation of the Yorktown Country Club and some of the names of the gentlemen who are members of the club.

Glancing down the roster we find such well known names as President Coolidge, General Pershing, Mr. Cyrus Curtis, General Du Pont, and further on, the Duke of York, Prince Caetani, Sir Esme Howard, Marquis de Lafayette, Marquis de Rochambeau and others.

Two kinds of sport in one shot. The yacht course on the York River and the golf course of the Yorktown Country Club. The yachtsman gets both kinds at the Yorktown Yacht Club.

Among these and other members of the Club are real seagoing yachtsmen, and the imagination is rather stirred by the possibilities in the way of international yachting events which might center at Yorktown.

The Yorktown Yacht Club idea is an altogether new thought so far as yacht clubs are concerned. Usually there is an extremely local flavor about a yacht club. It is considered only as a center for seasonal activities. Ordinarily there is one big week of yachting events and then the yachtsman moves on to some other place, although his own club remains his home port.

In the case of Yorktown, however, there is to be something doing in a social and sporting way every month in the year. If not on the water, then on the land. And it is to foster the land sports that the Country Club functions.

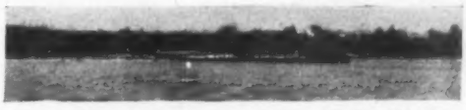
The direct land holdings of the Club amount to about 300 acres. They take in most of the historic battlefield, surrender ground, ramparts and redoubts of the Revolution.

There is one fine eighteen-hole golf course on the property and another eighteen-hole course about to be built. The Virginia hinterland is the "sportingest" country your outdoor man would want, with hunting, riding, shooting game, fishing and tramping.

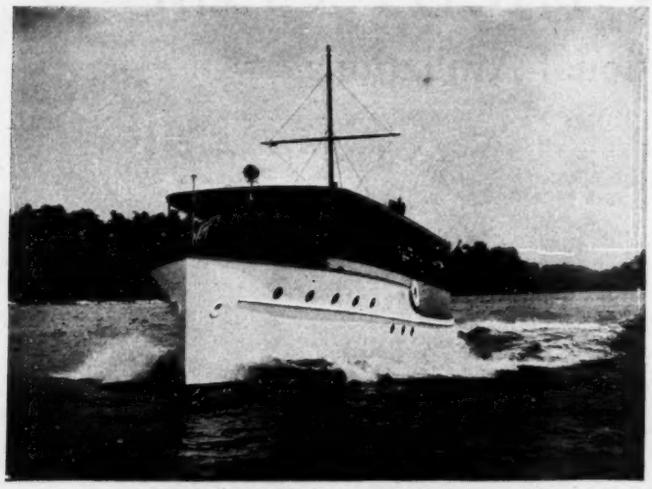
The Yacht Club quarters in the Manor House includes beautiful lounging and reading rooms, swimming pool, handball courts, billiard rooms, bowling alleys, showers and locker rooms. The dockage and service facilities are to be equal to the best at any yacht club.

One of the quaint long-shore views to be seen from your motorboat at the Yorktown Yacht Club. This old fisherman's house was built long before the War for American Independence.

The Manor House is ample in size to accommodate a goodly number of Club members. It is to have 300 rooms and baths. And with a lively social program, including week-end dances and entertainments, the Yorktown Yacht Club should be a popular place for its members at any and all seasons.



Sailing up to the dock of the Yorktown Yacht Club. There are thirty feet of water at the end of this dock at low tide. It is a great country for the sailor.



The COMMODORE, a 65-foot cruiser designed and built for Commodore A. A. Schantz of Detroit.

THIS fine cruiser is one of the many which have come from the Consolidated yards in 1925.

Whatever its general arrangement, a Consolidated cruiser offers the utmost obtainable in quality of design, construction and finish.

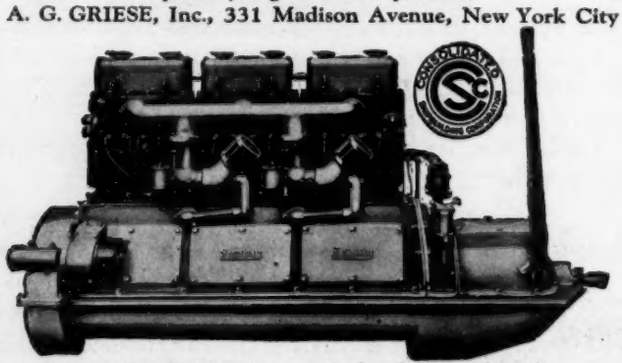
The superior facilities and experience of Consolidated are at the disposal of those who desire a cruiser of the latest type, embodying every refinement known to the boat builders' art.

Consolidated designs can be adapted to meet any requirement, and blue prints and specifications will be furnished to those interested on request.

We shall be glad to welcome you at our Exhibit in the New York Motor Boat Show, Blocks A2 and A3, Grand Central Palace, Jan. 22nd to 30th, 1926. A Play-boat, Coupé and Open Yacht Tenders, and Speedway Engines will be on exhibition.

CONSOLIDATED SHIPBUILDING CORP.
MORRIS HEIGHTS NEW YORK CITY

Speedway Engine Sales Department
A. G. GRIESE, Inc., 331 Madison Avenue, New York City



The COMMODORE is equipped with two model MR Speedway Engines, giving a speed of 16 miles per hour.

The Cruise of *Diablesse*

(*Continued from page 43*)

cape and Great Exuma, we came upon Lee Stocking so suddenly that our only warning was of white water almost under our forefoot and the skipper hauled off in the very nick o' time while out of the corners of his eyes he glimpsed the breakers on the low shore, scarcely a schooner's length it seemed, from our rail. Their roar made wild music in his fuzzy ears. After that it seemed like dropping out of a grotesque world of flying water to go below and stand in the quiet of the cabin where there was nary a hint of the turmoil outside but from the long easy pitch and throw of the vessel. A wee snatch of a snooze and so on deck again — and to pump. A merry romp, oh, and shortly after 3 A. M. our straining eyes picked up the light on Beacon Rock. We had been doing ten knots ever since we left Cape Saint Maria! At 4 we hove to, well to weather of the entrance to Ship Channel — for we'd be wanting the light o' day for running through the reef.

Then we pumped her dry and the skipper turned in below while the "conch" stretched out his weary length in the cockpit. We'd snooze for an hour and by the time we had dried the ship again we should be able to see our way in, to the banks. But la, and we slept like cherubs in the clouds, and nearly two hours had gone their way when the rattle of the main sheet block clumping along the traveler brought us up all standing. The skipper landed in four inches of water and fell up the companionway. The "conch" was already at the pump, yelling, "Hey b'low, hey b'low, we gone *t'rough!*"

And so we had, while the ship was on her way to foundering! Nothing but empty sea astern where the cays should all be strung out in the morning light. To weather stood Beacon Rock, still blinking, while on either bow the seas were breaking wickedly on the reef. The entrance lay right off the tip of our nose pole and *Diablesse* had just come through stern first, as safely as though we, ourselves, had brought her in.

But here we were, all clear to box off for Nassau. The sheet was let go on the run, and the bow fell off, and away we tore before it, "head up and tail over the dashboard," the skipper standing over the wheel box with nothing on him but his singlet and a week's growth of whiskers. A merry sight, that, with the mate in her kimono and hair all astream, getting up the stays'l and taking the stops off the fore — la belle Nivernaise hanging out the washing on a blowey Tuesday morning had nothing on her! And we pumped like hell — heel-and-toe — and shook the reef out o' th' main in the easing gale, and at noon, just a week and an hour out of San Juan, close upon 800 miles, we rounded to, off the wharves of Nassau.

(*To be concluded*)

West Hampton One-Design Classes

(*Continued from page 48*)

owners. Nearly 40 of these little boats are in commission during the season.

Another class has been started recently — Class M, Marconi rigged, same size as S. S. but built by S. W. Newey of Brookhaven. Only 11 of these boats are now in the races, but additional orders are now under way.

Three years ago it was decided to launch a larger class and Charles D. Mower designed the South Shore Birds, known as the S. B. Class. This class started with 22 boats and six more were built the next winter. Additional boats are now under way and Mecox Bay has adopted this class with eight boats for a start. Twenty-two feet long overall with jib, mainsail and spinnaker and 350 pounds of outside lead, they are seaworthy little knockabouts and are fast becoming very popular.

So there you are. Racing has all changed. Not a single catboat class filled during the season of 1925, except on Invitation Day when the boats came from the West Bay.

Chicago, August 25, 1925

Kohler Co.,
Kohler, Wis.

Gentlemen: The writer installed one of your 1500-watt electric plants on his yacht "ADIEU." The same has been in service now for practically two years and has given excellent satisfaction.

In addition to lighting the boat we use it on the electric bilge pump, an arc searchlight, and when necessary use it for a small heater.

Besides eliminating battery weights, I find the 110-volt current very satisfactory, and it is possible to purchase equipment for 110 volts a great deal easier than for the low voltage.

Yours very truly,

Yacht "ADIEU," Webb Jay, Chicago, Owner

Real electricity—no storage batteries

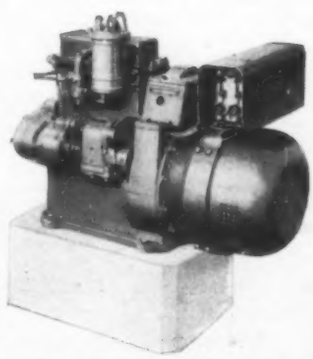
You can now have real electricity aboard your yacht. You can have standard 110-volt current and use all the electrical appliances which you enjoy in your home—electric grills, toasters, percolators, heaters, fans, and vacuum sweepers.

You can use electric power freely, whenever you like and for as long as you like, for operating the fresh-water pressure system, bilge and fire pumps, electric windlasses, and tools of every description.

Further, you can save the space, care, and expense required by the usual storage batteries, getting your current, full-powered, direct from the generator.

This is merely an outline of the exceptionally capable service which the Kohler Automatic Electric Plant will give you—with its 110-volt current; and with its elimination of all storage batteries except the automobile-type starting battery which provides for fully automatic operation.

This quiet, vibrationless, efficient, economical plant has solved the electrical problems of many of America's foremost yachtsmen. You will find that there is a Kohler plant of the size *you* need—at a cost that is distinctly reasonable. Mail the coupon below for full information.



Kohler Automatic Model EP
1500-watt; 110-volt, D. C.
Circulating-pump cooling: also supplied for radiator cooling

Kohler Co., *Founded 1873*, Kohler, Wisconsin • *Shipping Point*, Sheboygan, Wisconsin
ALSO MANUFACTURERS OF KOHLER PLUMBING FIXTURES

ATLANTA, GA. . . . . *84 North Pryor Street*	NEW YORK, N. Y. . . . . *20 West 40th Street*
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Automatic Electric Plants—110 Volt D.C.
No Storage Batteries

Kohler Co., Kohler, Wis., U. S. A.
Gentlemen: Please send me information about Kohler Automatic Electric Plants.

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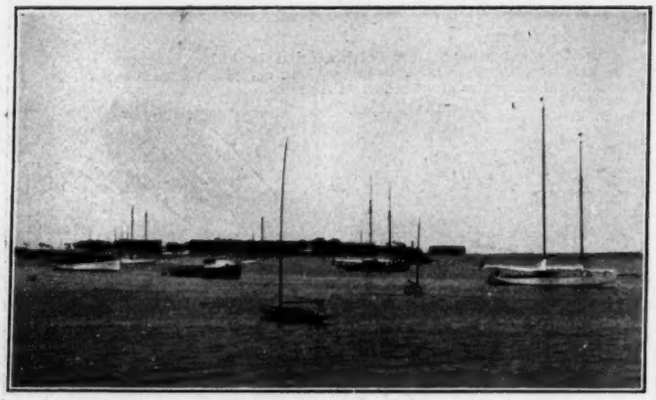

For Pleasure or Work Boats

THE modernly equipped craft is one with a Marine Light and Power Plant aboard.

Just think of the advantages of such a unit:

—Electric lamps in the engine room
—An electric light for the binnacle
—A permanent connection for the klaxon
—A bright stern light
—Electric percolators, toasters, galley appliances
—Cabin heaters
—Adequate illumination in the hold around the reverse gears and shaft alley
—Light sockets suitably located on deck for masthead, running lights, and a light cluster for flood lighting
—In fact every convenience electricity affords

The Westinghouse 32-volt Marine Light and Power Plant provides all of these conveniences independent of the main engine. It can be relied upon for continuous light and power.

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company
East Pittsburgh Pennsylvania
Sales Offices in All Principal American Cities
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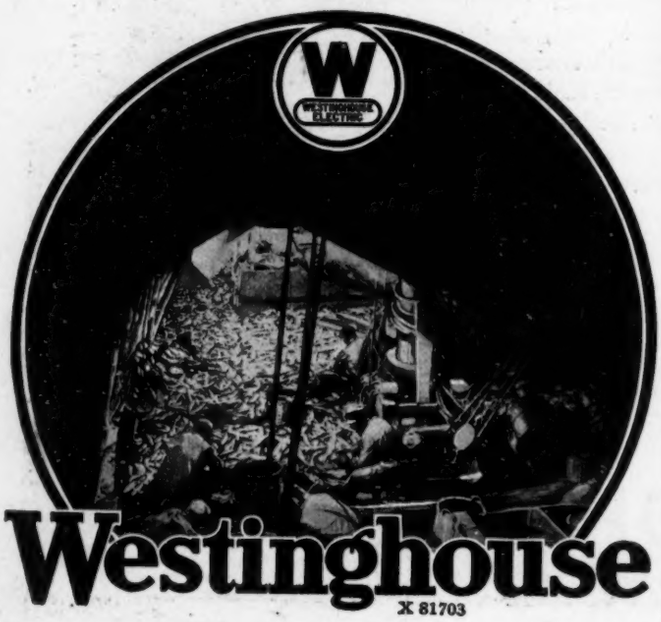
Special Pacific Coast Representatives
Hunt, Mirk & Company, San Francisco



Westinghouse

X 81703

Slushing Down the Royal Mast

(*Continued from page 46*)

Jack took Sam's arm and together they made their way to the nearest sailors' saloon. For two days they were drowning their sorrows in drink. Then, on the evening of the second day they drifted into a boarding house where a crimp spotted them. He'd seen them before. Weren't they in there a couple of months ago? Well, he'd take good care of them.

"Have a drink, men," he said. "I've been looking for two good sailormen. There's a fine ship leaving for Sidney, Australia, tomorrow."

"Wot's 'er name?" piped Sam.

"Never mind her name. She's a good ship, and I says so. Have a drink."

They had another, and not long after that they were both snoring in a back room, doped with knock-out drops. That night they were rowed off and put on board a ship.

"Three months' advance, Captain, or I'll take them ashore again," said the crimp.

"It's all right, here's your money. I know those two damned misers. To the fo'castle with them."

Next morning Jack and Sam woke up to the sound of lapping waves. The ship had a gentle roll and familiar noises came down from the decks above.

"Loose the royals and flying jib!" The order was given harshly.

"Say, Sam, ever hear that voice before?"

"Gor blyme me! Where are we?" Sam rolled out of his bunk. "Jack—we's where we is!"

"Where in 'ell anyway?"

"On board the *Dreadmoore*."

"Strike me dead, but somebody'll pay heavy for this!"

Sam sniffed as he set to work to rub the wrinkles out of his new dungarees. "Aye, the dead horse'll pay."

Off Shore with *Mary*

(*Continued from page 39*)

coastguard boat, the size of an ocean tug, rolling back and forth with two big iron-rimmed guards sawing up and down in a manner that no fending could have kept from tearing out our sheerstrake. Yet, although provided with small boats, he insisted peremptorally that I lay my boat alongside, and on my declining to obey this order he maneuvered to lay me alongside. Flirting thus with *Mary*, trying to sidle up while she coyly eluded his advances as I luffed and filled and jibed out of close contact with the brute, I wondered if it was going to end in anger. Here was a vessel of which the fundamental mission was protection, salvage, rescue, and the rotten rum stuff of secondary importance, trying to smash us into driftwood, and we without a drop of contraband aboard. I made up my mind that if he meant to sink me, he would have to do it with a shot.

However, he stopped short of this, and on my finally demanding permission to proceed on my course and then filling away, he made no further hostile move, as there is no other word for slamming such a big iron-girt vessel up against a small 12-ton wooden one in a seaway. We therefore ran on up round Fortress Monroe to Hampton, 4 days and 20 hours from Montauk. On landing, one of the first persons we met assumed that we had come down by the inside route. "Good thing you weren't out in that nor'easter," he said.

"Good thing we were. Otherwise we'd have to buy a whole lot of gas."

We learned then, to our surprise, that there had been a hard blow from the north, starting with thunder squalls after a run of hot weather, then settling down to a cold northeast gale. We had seen nothing of any gale, to recognize it as such. A strong wind with low, dark, heavy clouds and a somewhat ragged swell, but just the weather we had ordered, a little late in delivery.

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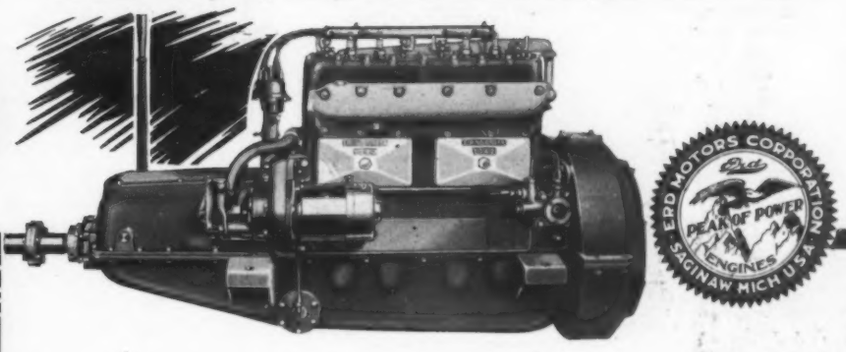

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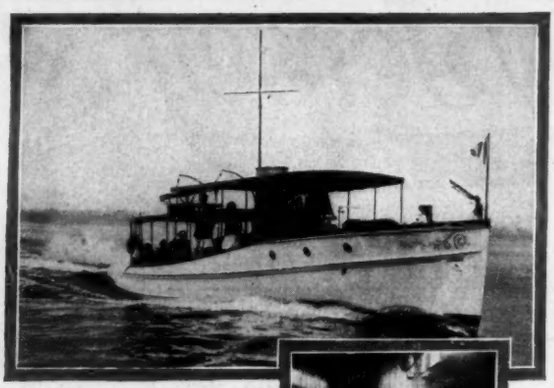
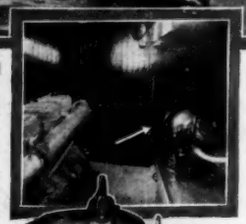
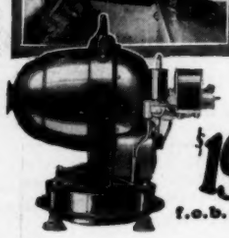


The 55 ft. yacht "Barbara" owned by E. D. Gould, Esq., New York, President of the Truly Warner Hat Co. Of the HOMELITE, Mr. Gould says, ". . . as dependable and free from attention as city electric service". HOMELITE installation on the "Barbara" shown at the right.





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Over all dimensions: Length 21", width 14", height 21".

Weight: 110 pounds. Ball Bearing throughout.

Engine: Single cylinder, two-stroke air-cooled. Carburetor, specially designed, adjustable to various types of fuel. Ignition, high tension Bosch Magneto or Bosch Battery Ignition.

Generator: Six pole, shunt wound. Output, 600 watts minimum, d.c.

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West Coast

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Thinking it over, I believe that one's impression of the weather depends greatly on the sort of boat one happens to be aboard. I remember that as a youngster, cruising round in all sorts of fearful crates, we would sometimes get in under the impression that we had been out in a near hurricane. Yet the local fishermen, or people who had been out on staunch and weatherly yachts, had no tempest to report. On a transatlantic sailing race in 1905, Sandy Hook to the Lizard, we had three days of a really hard westerly gale in midocean. A liner sagged down to look us over and signalled to ask if we needed assistance. I happened to be operating on one of our sailors for a deep axillary abscess at the time, and as he was under anesthetic on the flag locker we did not answer the signal, which omission was wrongly construed as swank. But the idea of being in distress aboard *Endymion* was absurd.

Mary has a way with her in easing over steep cresting waves in a fashion to lessen their apparent violence. She reminds me of a story told by my old *Beaver* shipmate, Sanford Pomeroy, who many years ago was aboard a small French liner in a rip-snorting westerly, that was giving her a good bath — a real French *jet d'eau* with watercure frills, a proper drowning. Boats smashed, rails twisted, onion soup dripping from the deckbeams over the table — all the works. In the midst of this plastering Pomeroy looked out and saw a full bosomed, square buttocked Danish bark hove to, straight as a church, sitting as dry and pretty as a good American. In her waist an old Santa Claus of a Dane was calmly sawing stovewood on a sawbuck while three tow-headed kiddies romped with a small woolly dog. Yes, the point of view depends a lot on what's under you. It's too early to boast, but I shall have a good deal more to say about *Mary's* kindly treatment of big crosswaves.

(*To be continued.*)

The *Islander's* Round-the-World Voyage

(*Continued from page 36*)

Mala astern nearly three months before. Just at noon the next day, October 31, 1925, he passed in by Breakwater Light, 1,441 days, 17 hours and 30 minutes, "out and back."

Pidgeon says he will not be happy until he is started again, and that as soon as possible he is going, first out to Hawaii and then Alaska and after that — to some of a thousand places he wants to see. He is a dyed-in-the-wool wanderer, eight summers and five winters of his life having been spent in the Arctic. He is 55 years old, yet he has the alertness, the springy step, the bright eye and endurance of a man half that age. His muscles are those of a youth and his tremendous endurance is illustrated by passages in his log book, where he remarks on having stuck by the tiller on occasions for 72 hours at a stretch.

The *Islander* is so balanced that she will steer herself. Pidgeon declares that he can put her on her course anywhere, from close hauled to running before the wind, and that she will always hold it, unless the wind shifts materially or greatly increases in velocity. He says: "People are always asking me, 'What do you do at night and what do you do when you want to sleep?' Well, when I get sleepy I put the boat on her course, go below and crawl into whichever of the two berths looks the most inviting. After a couple of hours I wake up, go on deck and generally find her sailing along on the true course. But what if I do find her off her course? The ocean is a big place and I have plenty of time to get back where I should be. Even when I was down in the South Seas, among all the coral reefs and bars, I got my sleep just the same. Then they ask me if I didn't get lonely. But out at sea, sailing, you never get lonely. There's the sea, and the wind, and the sky, to study what conditions are coming up and how to meet them. You have your boat to look after and once in a while you have time to read or dream a little."

SANDS MARINE
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Plate F-400

Plate F-400 — The "Glenwood" Folding Lavatory, with vitro-adamant roll rim lipped oval basin, N. P. copper lining, china soap and N. P. brush holders, N. P. brass double-acting pump with combination swing supply faucet, towel rack, N. P. brass supply and waste couplings, N. P. brass trimmings.

Plate F-400 — Polished quartered oak.....**$75.00**
Plate F-401 — Mahogany **$80.00**
Plate F-402 — Cellu-white **$92.50**

Plate F-2021

Plate F-2020

"Granby" Round Way Sea Cock with "Alton" thru-hull connection and intake strainer. Non-corrosive composition metal.

Plate F-2021

"Granby" Sea Cock with "Carlton" Outlet thru-hull connection. Non-corrosive composition metal.

	Inlet	Outlet
No. 1 — ¾"	$4.25	$4.00
No. 2 — 1"	6.00	5.75
No. 3 — 1¼"	$9.00	$8.75
No. 4 — 1½"	11.00	10.75
No. 5 — 2"	19.00	18.50

Plate F-1045 — The "Huron" pump water closet, vitro-adamant oval hopper bowl; **five-inch** combined supply and waste pump with automatic safety handle grip supply; Sands patent backwater check valve. Pump finished cellu-white, nickel-plated trimmings, mahogany seat and cover **$260.00**

Plate F-1046 — Same with cellu-white seat and cover. Add.....**$3.50**

Plate F-1060 — The "Knockabout" pump water closet, vitro-adamant round hopper bowl; **two and one-half inch** combined supply and waste pump; Sands patent automatic safety supply foot valve; Sands patent backwater check valve; pump rough with finished trimmings; oak seat and cover **$65.00**

Plate F-1060A — Pump white enameled; N. P. trimmings; oak seat and cover.....**$75.00**

Plate F-1045 (Patented)

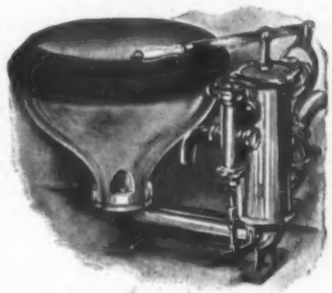

Plate F-1060 (Patented)

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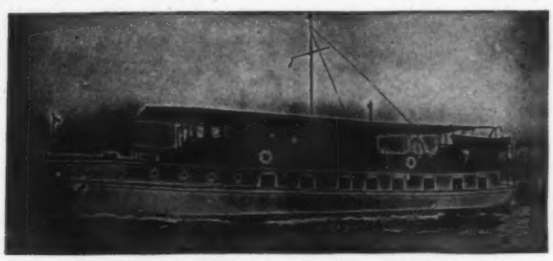

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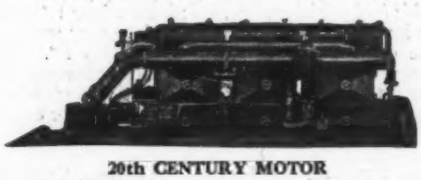

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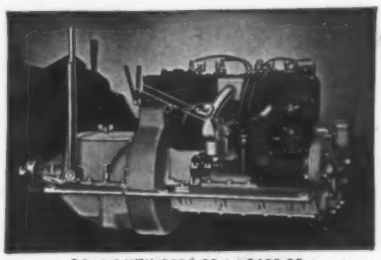

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Starter Side Model "Z" 14-22 H.P. Aluminum base, gear cover, flywheel, housing, clutch housing, oil reservoir. Length 38¼". Weight 395 pounds, 19 miles per hour in 18 ft. speed boat, 10 miles in 25 ft. cruisers, 13 to 17 average launches.

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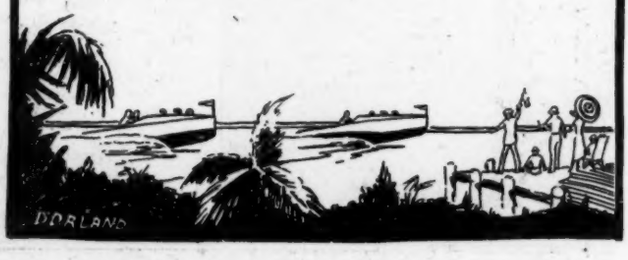


Alice and Her Sister Ship, *Carib II*

(*Continued from page 53*)

first, an arrangement that will allow you to locate any chart you want at a moment's notice and, second, to keep them flat, not rolled up, so that they are always in good shape to work with. Of course, large drawers are excellent for this purpose but in a small boat the amount of room required can generally be used to better advantage. On my last two boats I have used a locker, details of which are shown in drawing No. 23. The specifications are as follows:

Chart Locker: Built onto after bulkhead as shown, inside dimensions 3' 2" wide, 2' 3" high, 7" deep. Frame of ¾" ash securely fastened to bulkhead by long round headed brass screws through washers from engine room side. The front to be full size of locker 3' 2" x 2' 3" very strongly hinged at lower edge. Door framed of ash with panels of white pine. Panels to be flush with frame on inside so that when the door is opened to horizontal position, it will present a smooth surface suitable for a chart table. This door or chart table to be held horizontal by strong brass safety chains and to be held shut by a stout spring latch.

This locker will hold any of the United States charts I have seen with only one fold in the middle. The size shown in the drawing will hold all the 1-80,000 charts from Eastport to Key West, plus all the smaller scale coast charts covering the same district, plus all the Atlantic Coast harbor charts and quite a bunch of West Indies charts besides. The hinged battens hold the charts that are not being used securely in place while the two or three charts that are wanted for the next few days lie next to the hinged door which also serves as a chart table. For classifications of the charts I use folders a little larger than the largest charts and made of the heaviest obtainable manila paper. The folders are plainly labeled.

Bureau Veritas test of Bolinders Engine.

For testing a 15 b.h.p. Bolinders motor, consigned to Mr. Henry Howard. Date of test, 1st of February, 1924. Manufactured by J. & C. G. Bolinders, Mek. Verkstade A/B, at Stockholm. Type, single-acting, 2-cycle, serial No. 15031. Number cylinders, 1; bore, 190 mm. (7½"); stroke, 210 mm. (8¼"). Rated, 15 h.p. at 450 r.p.m., throttle graduations. No. Readings Taken Every 10 Minutes, Fuel, B. T. U., per lb. (T) 16740. Gravity Beaumé, 0.86 at 57.2 F°. Dynamometer arm in inches, (R) 18". Constant (C) 3501.3. Test started, 2:15 P.M. Test completed, 3:15 P.M. Duration of test, 1 hour. Weight of fuel, start, 10,000 grammes. Weight of fuel, stop, 5,860 grammes. Total fuel consumption, 4,140 grammes = 9.127 lbs.

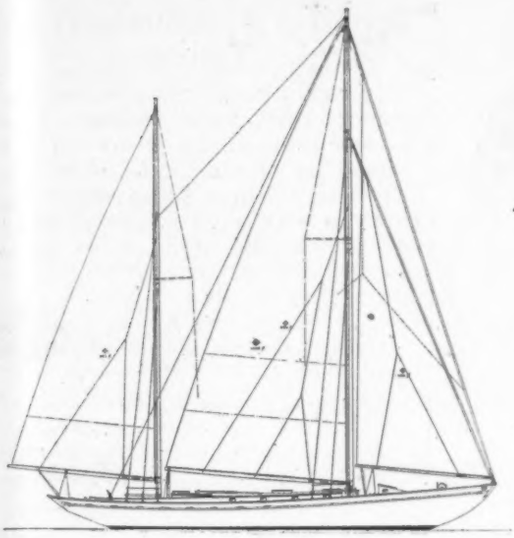
Observations	*Symbol*	*Formula*	*Start* 2:15 P.M.	*1* 2:25 P.M.	*2* 2:35 P.M.	*3* 2:45 P.M.	*4* 2:55 P.M.	*4* 3:05 P.M.	*6* 3:15 P.M.
Load on brake, lbs.	P		116.85	116.85	116.85	116.85	116.85	116.85	116.85
Load in per cent.			100	100	100	100	100	100	100
R. P. M.	N		448	448	450	453	452	450	450
Lubricating oil F°			Not measured						
Lubricating oil pressure			Not measured						
Inlet water F°			68	68	71.6	71.6	69.8	75.2	75.2
Outlet water F°			Not measured						
Exhaust gas appearance			Pure and uncolored						
Exhaust gas F°			Not measured						
Test room, F°			Not measured						
Barometer			Not measured						
Thermal efficiency		$\frac{2545}{F \times T}$	Average, 0.2502. Guaranteed, 0.2142						

Total Averages: r.p.m., 450; b.h.p., 15.02; fuel per b.h.p. hr. lbs., 0.607; fuel per hr. lbs., 9.127.

Remarks: Oil consumption at 10 b.h.p. (1 hour's test). Load on brake, lbs. 77.16. Averages: r.p.m., 452; b.h.p., 9.96; fuel per b.h.p. hr. lbs., 0.73. Fuel per hour, lbs., 7.275. Inlet water F°, 70.3. Overload test and corresponding fuel consumption (½ hour's test), load on brake, lbs., 123.5. Averages: r.p.m., 454; b.h.p., 16.01; fuel per b.h.p. hr. lbs., 0.606; fuel per hour, lbs., 9.7; inlet water F° 86.0. Motor run during 45 minutes without load with satisfactory results, the average temperature of the cooling water being 89.6 F°. Lubricating oil consumption measured during 95 minutes at constant r.p.m. of about 450 and found to be 0.334 lbs. per hour. This engine has been tested and inspected according to the contract and, in our opinion, based on our experience and judgment, is within the stipulations of said contract.

BUREAU VERITAS. F. STANLEY STARLING, CHIEF SURVEYOR.

(*To be concluded*)



ALDEN YACHTS

A Knockabout Ketch

These plans show another of Mr. Alden's able cruisers. It will be hard to find a rig more simple, easy to handle and efficient than this knockabout ketch (a development of the "POLLY II" and "MATINICUS," built in 1925).

With her overall length of 54', waterline length of 38', 12' 6" beam, 7' 4" draft and 15,000 pounds of outside ballast, a powerful and able model is assured and her four-cylinder 15–40 Scripps motor should drive her at about eight miles an hour. A Homelite lighting plant is also included.

The arrangement provides a double stateroom aft, a large and airy main cabin with four berths, more than the usual galley space and two berths forward, with the engine in a separate compartment, with its own entrance. There is full headroom throughout.

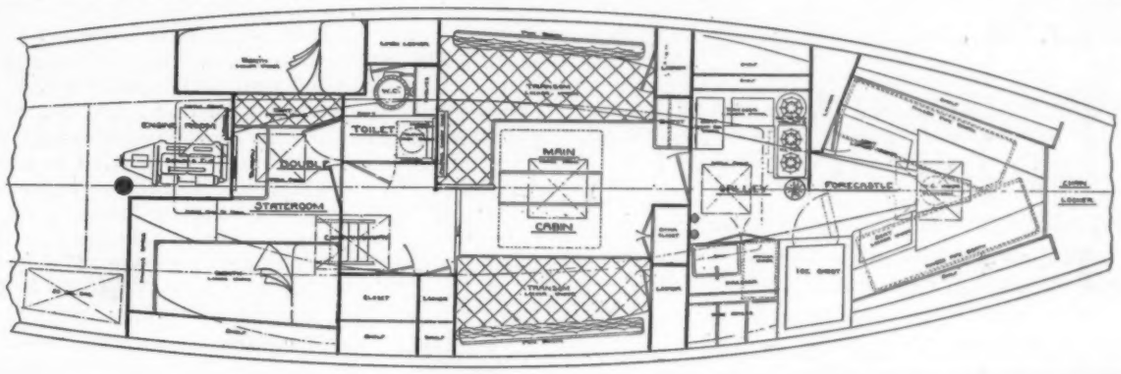
Three of these boats are now building, two of which are available for early spring delivery, and they will be most dangerous contestants in the 1926 Bermuda race.

In addition to the above eight — 43' overall Malabar type schooners are now building, three of which are still unsold.

If you are placing a new boat for the coming season let me consult with you.

JOHN G. ALDEN

148 State Street . . . Boston, Mass.



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